

Children's Newspaper, May 14, 1927

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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Have You Seen the C.N. Monthly?
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EXCITING NIGHT IN A HOUSE OF PEERS

WAKING UP A HOUSE OF LORDS

PUSSY RINGS THE BELL

A Three-in-the-Morning Scene in Hungary's Parliament House

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

By Our Hungary Correspondent

A few nights ago the Hungarian House of Lords was the scene of an exciting and dramatic incident.

It was the ghostly hour of three in the morning. The doors were closed, the lights extinguished, and the parliamentary servants were sleeping in their beds. Only the men of the guard stood by the gates, dreamily listening to the swish-swish of the river eddying round the great stone stairs.

The Guard Called Out

Suddenly that sound was drowned by another. Faintly at first, then ever more loudly, there whirled through the silent building the warning cry of an electric bell. Another bell joined it, and another and another, till a very pandemonium was shrieking down the passages and penetrating into lobbies, committee-rooms, and library.

The head porter jumped out of bed and rushed to the entrance door, and then, finding no one there, he rushed upstairs. But there was no one there either, only darkness and the deafening shrieking of the bells.

"The guard! Call the guard!" he shouted madly down the stairs, while he turned on the lights.

The guard came streaming in from all quarters, helmets glinting, swords ready for the fray. At a word from the sergeant they dispersed themselves about the corridors, and then, advancing two by two, began methodically rounding up the mysterious enemy.

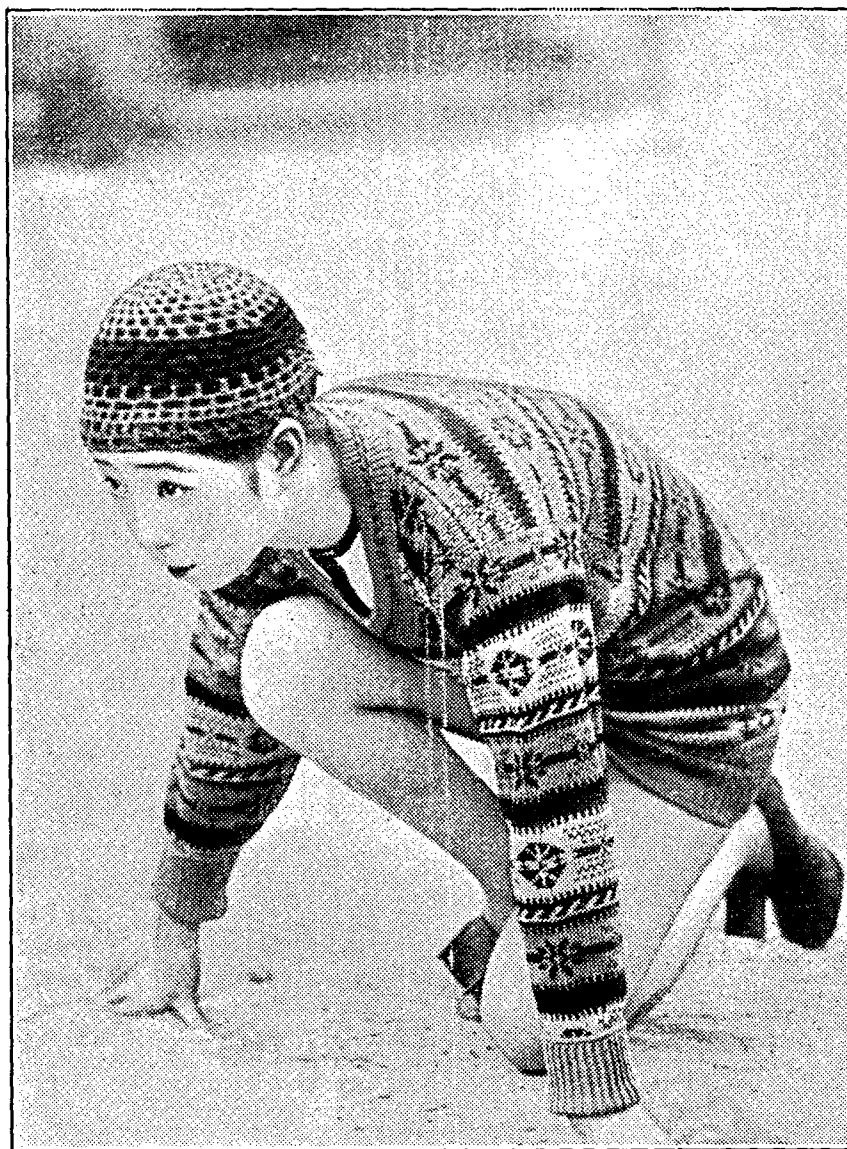
When the Doors Were Opened

At last they located him in the Central Hall, and the sergeant, setting a cordon all round, ordered all the doors to be rushed at once. There was an instant's breathless pause; and then, at a signal, the doors were thrown open, to reveal (what do you think?) a snow-white cat luxuriously stretched across the bell-board of the Lord High Chancellor of Hungary, pressing on the buttons with all its weight!

A roar of laughter eased the tension of the situation, but the sudden noise terrified the little interloper into a state of paralysis. Trembling with fear, the cat clung with all its might to its peculiar anchorage, and mewed piteously till the young sergeant, running up the steps, gently lifted it in his arms, and at one touch thus stilled both mews and bells.

The peace which is the prerogative of Upper Chambers descended again on the Hungarian House of Lords, the porters went back to their beds, and pussy fell asleep again, but not, this time, on the Lord High Chancellor's bells.

Miss Japan Leads the World



Miss Fumike Terae, a little Japanese lady athlete, has won a great distinction in sport. She has broken the world's hundred metres record in Tokyo, and is now the fastest woman sprinter in the world.

THE WORLD IS GETTING BETTER

WHEN smallpox broke out in Monmouthshire not long ago the authorities needed an isolation hospital, so they took the prison at Usk.

We are sorry to hear of Monmouthshire's trouble, but smallpox is not as deadly as some things, and we congratulate the district upon having an empty prison at its disposal. No prisoner has been sent to Usk for two years. It is one more sign that the world gets better every year.

Another witness to this cheerful state of things is our friend Sir Robert Parr, who has worked for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for so many years. He says the world is infinitely kinder than it was when he started his work. In those days 90 per cent of the cases brought to his notice were of children ill-treated by drunken parents, but today such cases are only 14 per cent. England is a more sober country. The evils of Drink are slowly but surely passing away, and nobody benefits from this change more than

the children. In the past more than half the cases were due to violence, while today the proportion of such forms of cruelty is only eight per cent. The balance is made up of cases where suffering has been caused to children through neglect, ignorance, or poverty. Cruel beatings are practically unknown today, and so different is the public attitude toward such things that practically all cases of cruelty are reported to the society by private individuals, and their inspectors are employed to investigate such cases after they have been reported instead of discovering them.

It is a kinder world and, in spite of the old saying that he who spares the rod spoils the child, it is a better world. Prisons are turned into hospitals. Never more will a magistrate do what Sir Robert remembers one doing—sentence two little children to a week's imprisonment for stealing a turnip. Those bad old days of heartless severity are gone beyond recall. We are much wiser now.

THE MOON MISSES AN APPOINTMENT OUT OF PLACE FOR THE ECLIPSE

Mystery of the Wanderings of Our Shining Neighbour

SLOWING DOWN

When Shakespeare made Juliet speak of the inconstant Moon he anticipated a difficulty with which astronomers have been wrestling for two hundred years, and which is reflected in the calculations that have been made about the path of the Moon's shadow across England during the coming eclipse of the Sun on the morning of June 29.

An ordnance map of the central path of the shadow which the Moon with the Sun behind it will cast on Lancashire, Yorkshire, and a bit of Durham was carefully made, and was based on the most recent knowledge of the exact place which the Moon will appear to occupy in the sky on that morning at that hour.

Four Seconds Late

But the map is now found to be wrong, because the Moon, as the astronomers have more lately found, will not be in its proper place. It will be so far unpunctual that its eclipse of the Sun will begin four seconds later than expected, and so much (though it is only a little) out of place that a middle line drawn along the path of the shadow will run a mile farther north than was expected. And the very middle of the shadow is the only place to take full advantage of the brief 24 seconds during which the total shutting out of the Sun's disc will last.

It may seem strange, with all the accuracy with which astronomical observations are made (the observer taking note of the twentieth part of a second or the width of a spider's thread on a telescope), that such a mistake should have been made; but the fault lies not with the observer or his instruments, but with the Moon.

The Unpunctual Planet

Every few years the Moon's position and following movements have to be recalculated from actual observation. Sometimes it is before its time and sometimes after, and the most that can be said of these alterations is that, after fifteen years of patient examination of the hundreds of thousands of observations recorded night after night and year after year, a Cambridge mathematician has discovered that three or four of these irregularities come at regular intervals. Why they occur is still unknown; but it has lately been suggested that a slow and periodic alteration in the figure of the Earth makes a difference in the attraction between Earth and Moon, and so slows or quickens the speed of the Moon's journey round our globe.

PASTOR FETLER A BIT OF GOOD NEWS FROM RUSSIA

The Exiled Preacher Among
the War Captives

20,000 NEW MEN

A remarkable story comes from Russia, a land that has hitherto sent us little but tales of tragedy.

Before the war the great bulk of the Russian peasants were oppressed, ignorant, drink-sodden, and brutal. One day a man named Fetler began to preach to them and read them the Bible. The priests of the Greek Catholic Church do not give their congregations Bibles, and they thought Fetler was a dangerous heretic.

One day as he was preaching to a little group the Tsar's police broke through the crowd, seized the preacher, and marched him off to prison. He was sentenced to imprisonment in Siberia.

In German Prison Camps

Everyone has heard of the miseries endured by the criminals and anarchists sent to that terrible region. Certain important people were tolerant enough to think the sentence too heavy, and they made a petition that the Bible reader might be banished instead.

Pastor Fetler's heart was nearly broken. He was driven from his native land, his work was destroyed, and his prayers were unanswered. He felt that God had deserted him. But one day he heard that there were two and a half million Russian prisoners of war in Germany. Then he cried: "They sent me away from my congregation—now God has sent a congregation to me."

He asked the German Government to permit prayer meetings and an American society to give him Bibles, and then he set out to evangelise the prison camps.

The Russians were half-starved owing to the German food shortage, and they sometimes hunted even garbage heaps for food. They were homesick, wretched, hopeless. Never did men need comfort more, and they found it in the Bible, which seemed to them a new, wonderful book, full of heroes and adventures and messages of hope. Some 20,000 of them became changed men.

Sowing the Seed

When the war was over they went back to homes scattered over the huge Russian Empire, a territory covering about one-sixth of the Earth. Everywhere they were welcomed as heroes, and neighbours gathered round to hear tales of the war and of the things they saw in Germany. Many of them had never seen a railway or steamer before they were mobilised. But the 20,000 always said that their most wonderful adventure of all was in the prison camp; and then they would get out their Bibles and read to their friends. If a stranger had come to the village and tried to do the same thing no one would have listened, and he might have been stoned or thrown into the river as a heretic.

So in spite of the priests and police spies of the Tsar's day, and in spite of the Bolshevik propaganda against the Bible, religion is spreading through Russia today and is sowing the seed of a new and happy nation for tomorrow.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A third folio Shakespeare, 1664 .	£900
Portrait by Gainsborough . . .	£378
Portrait by J. Ferneley . . .	£294
Plan of the Siege of Quebec . . .	£267
An etching by J. M. Whistler . . .	£262
A Chippendale settee . . .	£210
A drama by R. L. S. and his wife .	£155
A Trinidad Lady McLeod stamp .	£95
2 needlework panels, 16th cent. .	£54
A 15th-century MS. bound up with three treatises of the same period sold for	£500.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM

ICELAND HAS A NEW
NOVELIST

First Sight of a Big Town After
Writing a Great Book

FRU KRISTIN

There was a banquet in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, the other day, and it was one of the most interesting we have ever heard about.

The guest of honour was Iceland's foremost woman novelist, Fru Kristin Sigfusdottir, who suddenly became famous three years ago and will be honoured by generations to come if the critics are right.

No one had seen her before, and there was much curiosity among the great folk of Reykjavik. They were surprised to find that the distinguished author and playwright was a middle-aged woman with tanned cheeks, work-roughened hands, and simple country clothes. She looked like a small farmer's wife—and no wonder.

Learning to Read and Write

After other people had made speeches in her honour Fru Kristin got up and told them about her life. Never till this day had she been in a big town. She was born in a country district, and had no schooling. As she grew older she longed to learn to read and write, but there was no one to teach her, and she had to teach herself amid the sneers of her family. They thought Kristin was putting on airs and trying to make herself into a fine lady. But Kristin triumphed, and then she read hungrily every book she could get.

After a time she married a man whose farm was also far from bookshops or educated people. Fru Kristin had to do all the cooking and help to work in the fields, even going out to reap. Six children were born to her, and she was busier still. But all the time the desire to write was strong in her, and at last, when the baby was seven, she found time to write a book called *Strangers*, which instantly lifted her into the foremost rank of literary Iceland.

Until then Fru Kristin had never met a literary man except in a book. Books had been her only companions, helpers, and teachers. Good friends indeed have they proved to the poor little country girl who taught herself to read amid the mockery of her kinsmen.

COLOUR PICTURES BY WIRELESS

A Promise

Yet another triumph of wireless transmission is promised. Not only pictures in black and white but pictures in colours, it is said, can now be sent by wireless.

As in colour printing, each colour used is sent separately, and the whole is reassembled, as it were, at the receiving end. The announcement is made by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which conducted the recent demonstration in picture wireless between Washington and New York.

A POUND AND ITS 1000 MILS

Palestine Tries an Experiment

Palestine is to have a new coinage which will combine the advantages of the English pound sterling and the decimal system.

The Palestine pound will be of the same value as the English pound, divided into a thousand mils. Thus fifty mils will be equal to a shilling and four will be just under a penny.

The experiment is very interesting. If it succeeds we might do worse than imitate it at home.

A RICH MAN'S LOVE OF ENGLAND

Story of 57 Dentist's
Chairs

A STRIKING PIECE OF GENEROSITY

If a dentist's chair is a terrifying thing what is to be said of a hospital with 57 of them?

A new dental hospital is to be built in London in connection with the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road, endowed by a generous gift of £300,000 from Mr. George Eastman, head of the famous Kodak firm, as a token of his affection and admiration for the British people, among whom he lived and worked for many years.

As sensible people are more afraid to keep away from the dentist's chair than to sit in it we may be sure the 57 chairs will be well patronised and London's health greatly improved. Tonsils and adenoids will also be dealt with, and besides the operating chairs there will be 25 beds.

The hospital will be modelled on a hospital established by Mr. Eastman in America. The board of the Royal Free Hospital has undertaken to raise the money for running the new institution when it is built, and it is hoped that will be within the next two years.

It is a noble gift by a rich citizen of a rich country to struggling citizens of his Motherland, and it is a great pleasure to send our greeting to Mr. Eastman and his Kodak people.

OYSTER NEWS

Eating Them Alive

As long as she lives a lady who lives at Walmer, Kent, will remember a dinner she ate the other day.

It must not be thought that she is very greedy; the meal was memorable for something more than the cooking. She is a hard-working citizen and a Justice of the Peace. Feeling that she deserved a special treat one day she bought some oysters in Deal; even the thought that you must eat an oyster alive did not deter her. That night she discovered a pearl in one of them!

The pearl was as big as a pea, and is said to be of great value; and now we hear that everyone in Deal is buying oysters as an investment.

Most of us know that pearls come from oysters, but how many of us know the newest surprise of the oyster world, which we have on the authority of the Zoo? It is this—that usually an oyster is alive when it is eaten and is killed by the bite. If the elegant oyster-eater does not bite the poor thing to death it slips down alive and dies when its time comes.

CHILDREN OF ANZAC LAND

A Good Deed in New Zealand

A New Zealand correspondent wishes C.N. readers to know of the help the school children of the Dominion have given to the blind.

Two years ago an appeal was made through the schools for help for the Jubilee Blind Institute at Auckland, and the children sent in over £300. Now another appeal has been made, with an even finer result. Two hundred pounds was wanted to complete the Institute organ, and as much more as possible for books for the Braille library.

It was suggested that each boy or girl should subscribe a penny or get up a school concert. The children set about it with a will, and their efforts have produced nearly £400. Who can calculate the happiness these children have brought into the dark world of the blind? It is fine work for the children of the Anzacs.

TWO TRAINS IN A MIST

A CHINESE TUG-OF-WAR
The Automatic Coupling Does
Its Work

A VERY CURIOUS STORY

There is an entertaining story from China of an involuntary tug-of-war between two armoured trains which met in a thick mist.

The two trains, one belonging to the Northern and one to the Southern Army, were cautiously manoeuvring, unknown to each other, on the same line. The Northern train was backing southward and the Southern train was backing northward. This reversal of their natural positions on the line was apparently due in both cases to the desire in the event of danger to be able to go full steam ahead to safety instead of having to back to it!

It happened that on each train the foremost coach, which ought to have been the rearmost, was equipped with automatic couplings. It happened also that, owing to the mist and to the quiet backward advance of both, they backed into each other before they were aware of each other. Then the automatic couplings automatically coupled!

A Northern Victory

What happened next was that both engines immediately reversed, either because their owners wished to get away or because each hoped to drag the enemy in triumph to headquarters. At first neither side gained the advantage in this novel tug-of-war, but at last both sides thought of their guns.

The Southern train depended on a Krupp gun, and its elevation made it impossible to bring it to bear on the train coupled to it; it was meant for more distant targets. The Northern train, on the other hand, had a small field battery, and with this the gunners took deadly aim. First they smashed the Krupp gun, then they crippled the engine, and finally they destroyed the car containing the opposing general and his staff, and the victory was complete.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE CORNSTALK

Maize is grown in immense quantities in many countries as food for man and beast, but hitherto its stiff, tough stalk has found no commercial use.

Now a group of American capitalists has bought the American rights of a new invention by which the cornstalk will be made a source of unending wealth. Dr. Bela Dorner, chief chemist to the Hungarian Railways, has invented a process by which cornstalks can be made into useful pulp.

THINGS SAID

Mussolini is always right.

Notice in all Italian barracks

It is not my property, so it does not matter.

A litterer in the parks

What is service? The rent we pay for our room on Earth.

Toc H

We are excessively poor, but we are exceptionally honest.

Lord Derby

There is no greater enemy to peace than ignorance.

Sir Philip Sassoon

The great difference between man and the lower animals is the power to say No!

Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones

Only once in 500 years a genius such as Alfred Gilbert is given to the world.

Duchess of Rutland

I am not a servant of the public. I am the servant of something much higher, much bigger.

Miss Sybil Thorndike

The world is in far greater danger from nations not trusting each other than from trusting too much.

President Coolidge

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The Children's Newspaper

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THE AMERICAN SHOP'S BOAST

Buy British Goods

THE OLD COUNTRY NOT PLAYED OUT

American shopkeepers have no illusions as to where the best goods are made.

When they have anything British to offer they put it in the front of their windows and advertise it as a great attraction to purchasers.

A great American store is this year advertising British earthenware, British linoleum, and British sports goods as worth the attention of their customers. It is amusing to read in the American advertisements of "swagger topcoats from London, tailored in the English style," and of "English golf-bags, made as only English experts can make them."

This helps us to understand that the widely-printed stories of American industrial superiority are by no means accurate. The fact is that America has not yet learned to make things as well as they are made in Europe, and that is why she has such heavy import duties to keep out European productions. High as the customs taxes are, however, rich Americans are glad to pay them to get British goods.

DOING A THING HALF WELL

Government Publishers and the Pictures

Everybody is glad to see that the Stationery Office is learning to produce books in a very creditable way.

The book on the Restoration Museum Exhibits compiled by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and referred to the other day, is a beautiful production, well worth the 5s. charged for it. It contains over 150 splendid photographs.

And yet the Stationery Office has only half learned its business, for these pictures have no titles! They are merely marked Fig. 27a or 56b. If you want to find out what Fig. 27a represents the only thing to do is to search through about 25,000 words and find out. No publishing firm dependent on sales for its living could afford to do such absurd things, and it is hoped that the Stationery Office will ask the Department of Scientific Research to be a little more scientific the next time. If a thing is worth doing well it is worth doing completely well.

THE ART OF BEING A GRANDFATHER

Victor Hugo's Little One

The world ought to be very grateful to Madame Michel Nègrepointe, first of all because, as Jeanne Hugo, she inspired that delightful book of poems *The Art of Being a Grandfather*, and secondly for presenting Hauteville House to the French nation.

When Victor Hugo was driven into exile by his political enemies he went to Guernsey with his son. "What will you do?" asked France's great poet, and his son replied "I shall read Shakespeare." Victor Hugo said, "And I shall contemplate the sea." But he did much more than that, for it was while he lived in Hauteville House, Guernsey, that he wrote some of his greatest works. It was here, too, that he wrote the charming little poems to his grandchildren.

It is a good thing to know that the house where Victor Hugo lived from 1856 to 1870 cannot be pulled down or put to base uses, and that his furniture will be left in the rooms he used.

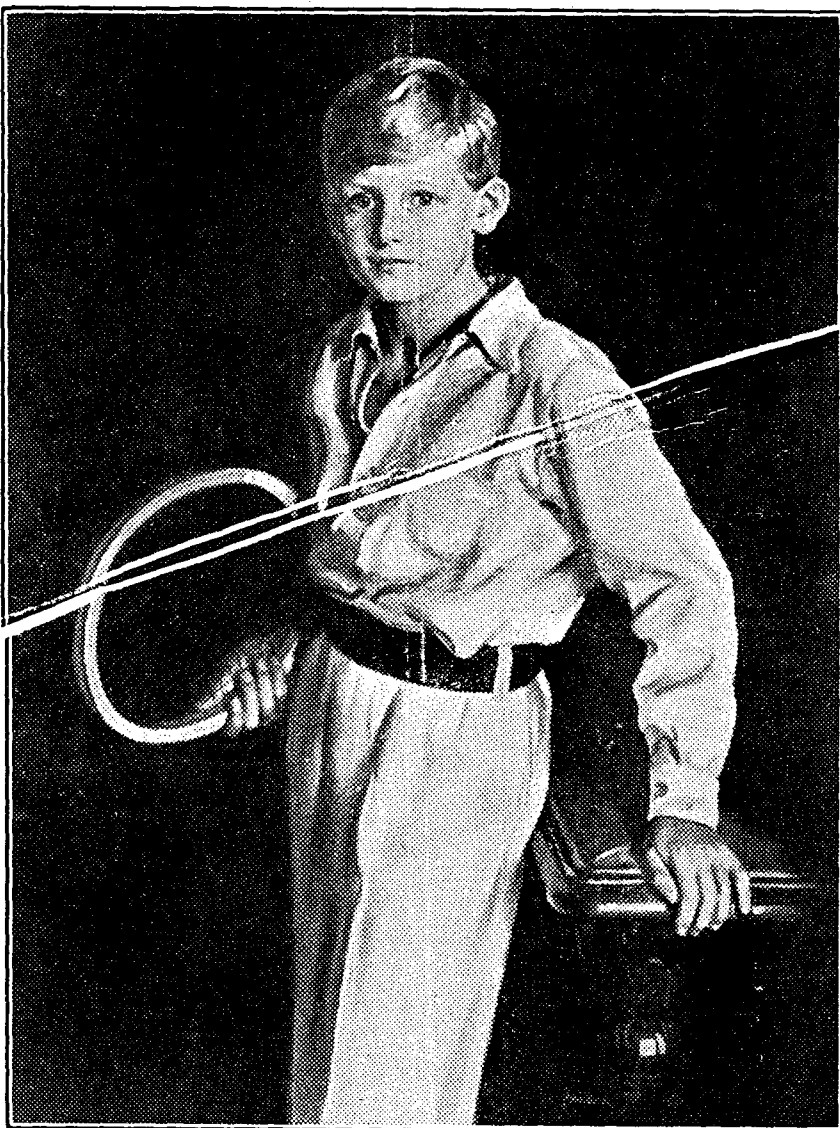
CHILDREN OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY



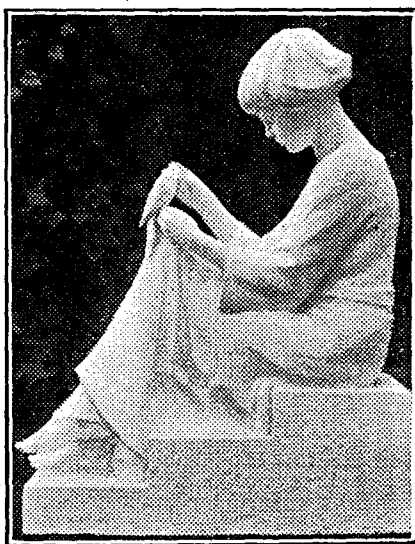
Bridget
An earthenware statuette by Harry Parr



The White Seam
By Gemmell Hutchison



Tony, son of Mr. Claude Bishop, by David Jagger



A Garden Figure
By Thomas J. Clapperton



Miss Anne Harcourt
By George Harcourt, R.A.

In the Royal Academy there are a number of pictures and statues in which the artists have used children as their models. These reproductions show some of the most interesting paintings and sculptures in this year's exhibition.

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AN OASIS OF WONDER

78 SQUARE MILES OF EGYPT

Home of the Little Elephant and the Great Builders

THE LABYRINTH

We have heard much of the splendours of Tutankhamen, of the glories of Crete, and of the unsuspected grandeur of Ur, but there is a little land in Lower Egypt which surely must be almost unique as a repository of treasure, ancient and modern, natural and man-made, literary and architectural.

It is the Fayoum province, 80 miles from Cairo, a mere oasis in the Libyan wilderness, yet an inexhaustible store of riches.

Between Fayoum and the Nile run great limestone hills, but through them exists an opening, either natural or the work of ancient engineers. This is called the Joseph Canal, and admits Nile water into Fayoum to form Lake Moeris and dower the province, lying among hills on every side, with unsurpassed fertility. The whole of the land is far below sea-level.

Egypt in the Stone Age

Here, in a cave near Kerun, a lake of 78 square miles, research workers have just discovered fossilised fish, human remains, and the tools with which these ancients worked when alive, sickle-shaped flint fish-scrapers—Egypt in the Stone Age. We needed only such a find to complete the scale of human progress in Fayoum.

Today we have the work of the lowliest men; we had previously had priceless literature in the form of papyrus; and there remain the vestiges of a gigantic architecture of pyramids and a labyrinth far older than that of Minos in Crete. But, greater marvel still, there have been found in Fayoum far more ancient and sensational links with the ancient past.

Crocodylopolis

It was in Fayoum, a quarter of a century ago that Professor Andrews, of our Natural History Museum, came upon rich deposits of animal remains, in which at last was traced the ancestry of the elephant! There they lay, elephants of the Eocene Era, creatures with piglike faces, long snouts, and sharp front teeth, some with four tusks, some with none, but none with trunks; the whole animal in its adult condition no bigger than a tapir, a most astounding discovery.

The elephants developed and passed into Africa, Asia, America, and men arrived and developed in art as the elephant had developed in stature. They became colossal builders, yet they worshipped animals, especially the crocodiles of Lake Moeris. Indeed they called their city Crocodylopolis; and Herodotus, who visited the scene 24 centuries ago, declares that the vast labyrinth was partly the tomb of kings and partly the tomb of sacred crocodiles.

A Miracle of Perfection

Herodotus found the labyrinth matchless, far surpassing in labour and material all the works of Greece, even the pyramids themselves. It had 12 courts, he said, all roofed with stone, with gates exactly facing, six to the north, six to the south, with 1500 chambers below ground and 1500 chambers above ground, built exactly over those below, all a miracle of perfection, strength, beauty, and bewildering design. The walls were full of sculptured figures and each court was surrounded with a colonnade of white stone; while adjoining the extremity of the labyrinth was a pyramid on which large figures were carved, 240 feet high.

And now Fayoum is in the news again, with Stone Age exhibits. The searchers are encouraged to further efforts, and soon we may have yet more finds to add to the store of this incomparable oasis.

GOODWILL DAY

Welsh Children to the World's Children

ANNUAL MESSAGE OF PEACE

The Eighteenth of May is one of the world's great days; it was the day of the meeting of the first Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899, the first gatherings of the nations to consider whether differences could not be settled by peace instead of war.

It is for this reason that this day has been chosen for the annual broadcast of the Peace Message from the children of Wales to the children of the world. The sixth of these annual messages is to be broadcast next week; this is the message the schoolchildren of Wales are sending out to the schoolchildren of the world:

We, boys and girls of the Principality of Wales and of Monmouthshire, greet with a cheer the boys and girls of every other country under the Sun.

Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting? Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and to kill one another. Long live the League of Nations, the Friend of every Mother, the Protector of every home and the Guardian Angel of the Youth of the World.

We notice with very great regret that the good friend of Peace to whom this annual message owes its inspiration, Mr. Gwilym Davies, is having to give up his work as Director of the Welsh League of Nations Union owing to ill-health. Mr. Davies has done splendid service to the cause of peace, and his energy and enthusiasm will be a very great loss. He is to resign after the annual meeting at Colwyn Bay next month, and the C.N., in sending him its good wishes, hopes he may recover his health and be able to spend it again in the great cause of saving the world from war.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

A Little Visit to England

Doctors tell us that the best way of avoiding indigestion is to take a good walk. Rudolfo Rosetti of Mexico City believes it. He has set off on a walk that will take two years.

With two friends he intends to tramp down the Pacific Coast to Chile, and then across the Andes to Buenos Aires. They will certainly arrive with good appetites.

Very different from this leisurely stroll was Mr. Harry Kapton's visit to Europe, which lasted half an hour. He came from New York, and just before his ship got into port one evening a wireless message summoned him back. He hurried ashore, went through the Customs, and got on board a White Star boat which was due to sail in a few hours.

He will have travelled 6000 miles by the time he gets back, and all he will have seen of England will have been the Customs. We hope they were nicer to him than they have sometimes been to us.

THE ALCOHOL PUMP

A Very Good Thing

Everyone is familiar with the ugly pump-filling stations set up by the roadside; the alcohol pump is now coming. That is the latest news about motor-car alcohol made from sugar. This fuel, the work of a thousand billion microbes, fermenting the sugar into spirit, has become so popular in Natal that, in spite of the keenest competition on the part of the big petrol companies, alcohol pump stations are being set up throughout Natal.

BRAVE WILLIAM BROWN

How He Stopped an Engine

EXCITING SCENE ON A RAILWAY

A runaway railway engine is as dangerous as a rogue elephant. One has just been stopped before it could cause terrible disaster, and the manner of its capture makes a thrilling tale.

The engine was pulling the boat-train express to Stranraer, where people embark for Belfast, when a coupling broke and the main body of the train was left behind. Driver and fireman stopped the engine, and went to help mend the coupling. Then they heard a noise, and were horrified to see the engine dashing away with one van behind it. No one was on board, and how it started is a mystery.

Luckily, the coupling had snapped at a station, and telephone messages were immediately sent to the signal-boxes to clear the line before the runaway. But the possibilities of an accident were very great, and so William Brown, the signalman at Ruthwell, decided to make an attempt to stop the engine.

Ruthwell is seven miles from Annan, where the accident had happened, and between it and Dumfries there is a descent, which would increase the speed of the runaway. As the engine came into sight Brown ran to the side of the track, and as it rumbled by he leaped on board. It was a difficult and dangerous thing to do, and if he had failed by an inch he would have been killed.

Fortunately he succeeded in jumping on board, and he stopped the engine.

MISS CHEN

What a London Schoolgirl is Doing

Membership of a dancing troupe is a curious preparation for work in a Government office, but revolutionary changes are a commonplace in China.

Mr. Eugene Chen, Minister for Foreign Affairs in the revolutionary Government of Hankow, has as his assistant one of his daughters, Miss Sylvia Chen, who was for a time a dancer on the London stage.

Mr. Chen in earlier life was Mr. Bernard Acham, a solicitor of Trinidad, where he married a wife of Negro blood. They sent their daughter to an English school, and she was afterwards trained as a dancer.

On her return to Trinidad she continued her career as a dancer and became a captain of Girl Guides. Meanwhile her mother died, and her father went back to Canton, the home of his Chinese ancestors, whose name he resumed. Last year he sent for Sylvia to join him, and she has now become his right-hand man at Hankow! In British law, and probably in Chinese, she is still a British subject.

A MOTHER AND HER TWINS

What Will Happen?

It is possible to have too much of a good thing, and the other day a mother decided that one of her twins would have to go.

The mother is a sheep residing at a farm at Senghenydd in Glamorgan. Luckily there was on the farm a mother collie, which took the deserted twin into her family circle, and the lamb is now being fed and cared for like a puppy.

What will happen as it grows up? The poor collie will surely be puzzled when her adopted child refuses to gnaw a bone or chase a rat. She will feel as dismayed as the hen which, after hatching a duck's eggs, sees her brood setting off for the pond.

SAILING THROUGH A MOUNTAIN

Marseilles Opens Its Great Tunnel

THE SPOT OF LIGHT FIVE MILES AWAY

When President Doumergue went from Marseilles to open the new canal tunnel which joins the great port to the Rhone he found a dark hole in the mountainside with a tiny spot of light in the middle.

The hole was seventy feet wide and fifty feet high, and the spot of light was five miles away! Think how straight the tunnel must be to show that spot in the middle! Frenchmen claim that it is the biggest tunnel in the world. It is not half the length of either of the two tunnels of the Simplon, but it is so much broader and deeper that twice as much rock had to be removed as from both the Simplon tunnels.

In this Rove Canal Tunnel six railway trains could run abreast, and two barges of 1500 tons can pass at any point in it. The canal is over twelve feet deep at low tide. The tunnel connects Marseilles with the great lagoon called the Etang de Berre, and the canal then passes on to join the Rhone at Arles, so connecting with the whole European canal system.

Pictures on page 7

A STRANGE LITTLE EVENT

Professors and the King of Spain

HONOUR THE KING WHEN HONOUR IS DUE

It is not often that a proposal to do honour to a king has to be put to the vote.

The Senate of the University of Madrid has been electing King Alfonso Rector of the University, and has decided to confer a doctor's degree on him. Forty professors voted for the resolution, but sixty did not vote at all, and sixteen actually voted against the resolution. It is doubtful whether the matter will go any farther.

The explanation of this curious event is that the Government, under the Dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera, has persecuted a number of distinguished professors of the university for their political opinions, which were unfavourable to the Dictatorship. Professor Miguel de Unamuno, a man of European reputation, was illegally deprived of his post and banished, and is compelled to live in France.

The constitution of Spain makes the King and Parliament joint rulers, and the professors hold that as the King has allowed the Dictator to abolish Parliament and trample on civil liberty they cannot give him their confidence.

THE OLD CLOAKS OF HAWAII

How One Was Found

Letters are still reaching us about the royal feather cloaks of Hawaii.

A correspondent in Kent tells us of a discovery in an attic in New York. A great jewellery firm in Fifth Avenue was displaying a feather cloak in one of its windows with a card stating that seven of its kind were known to exist, but that one had been lost sight of completely. This notice was seen by the daughter of an old sea captain in the China trade.

This lady remembered that her father left behind him a box of feathers which had lain forgotten in the attic of her house in New Jersey ever since. She went in and told the manager of the box. The manager came to tea and the box was brought down. In it was the missing feather cloak!

The lady gave the cloak to New York Natural History Museum, where it now is.

TRAGIC END OF A BIRD'S LONG FLIGHT

The Stork that Came Into the News

TOO MANY GRASSHOPPERS

When a wild animal dies the fact is not generally announced to the world at large; and it is rather a wonderful thing for a stork to have obituary notices in the papers.

Yet this is what has happened to a young Hungarian stork which, while travelling in the South to escape the European winter, had the ill-fortune to eat too many poisoned grasshoppers. He was found dead by a native in Bechuanaland, and it was discovered that he had an aluminium ring on his leg with the number 9612 inscribed on it.

It was found that the ring had been riveted on while the stork was still a fledgling by a member of the Hungarian Ornithological Institute; and as there is an unwritten law between ornithologists all over the world to hand on any bit of knowledge they may become possessed of to all colleagues whom it may concern, the ring found on the dead stork in Bechuanaland has been returned, through the English Legation in Budapest, to the Hungarian Ornithological Institute.

Now all the daily papers in Hungary have found something to say about the poor Hungarian stork which flew all the way to South Africa only to meet a tragic death by eating grasshoppers.

FIVE DAYS WORK IN SEVEN

The New Working Day

The Saturday Half-Holiday was a British invention, and has spread to many parts of the world.

America is now following us with a Five-Day Week, an institution which has always been popular in the C.N. office (except that the Editor works seven days and a little more!).

Mr. Ford not long ago announced the establishment of the Five-Day Week in all his enterprises, and it appears that many other American firms have cut out work on Saturday. Thus in the men's clothing industry nearly half the people work only five days, and the new time is fairly well established in the American building trades.

The Five-Day Week means, roundly, 40 hours' work in seven days, and it is interesting to note how, at last, machinery is beginning to reduce human toil. The problem of the reasonable or profitable employment of leisure thus becomes increasingly important, which is one of the reasons why journalism and wireless have much to answer for.

THE TREASURY HAS AN IDEA

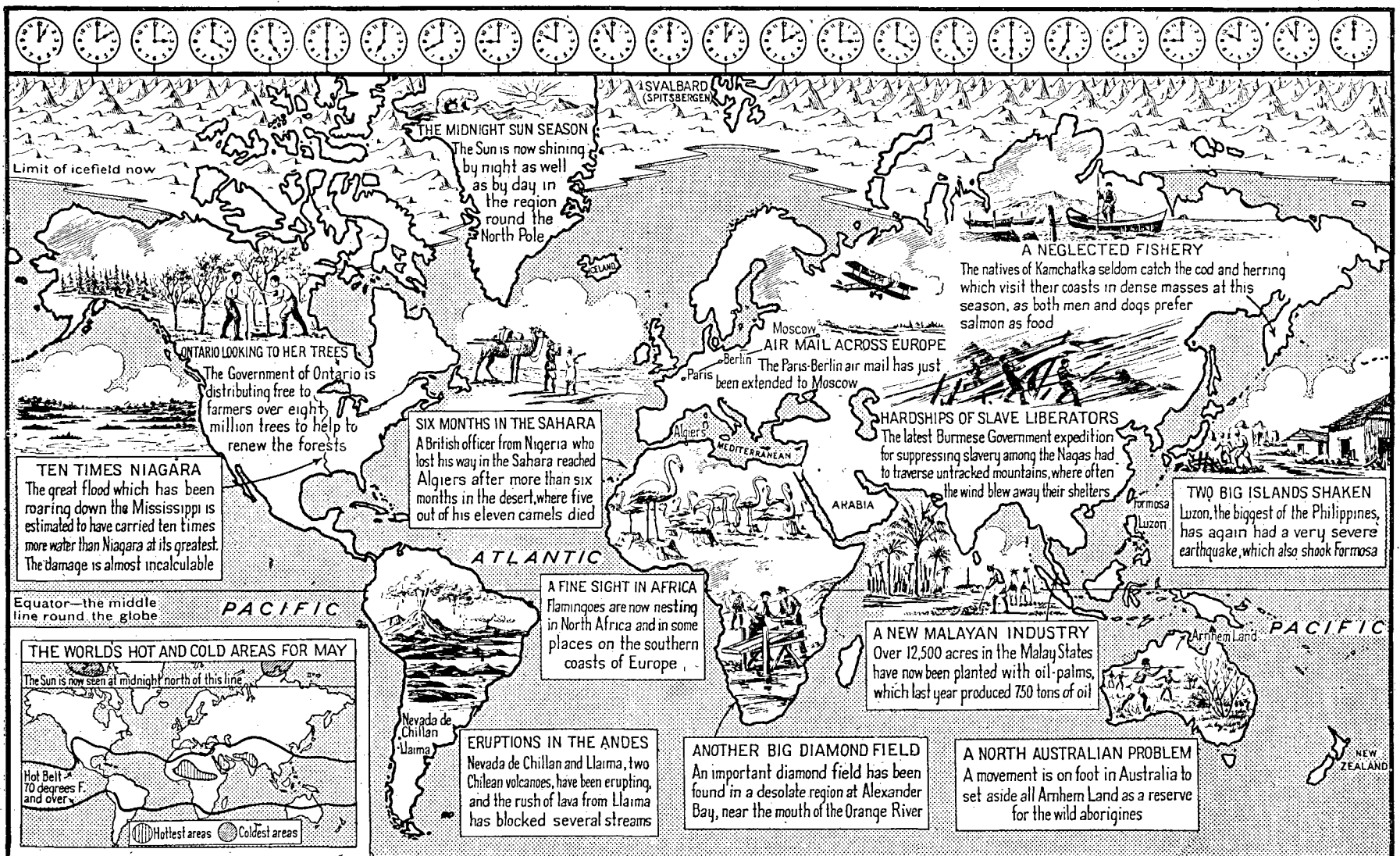
A Little Money from Windsor

Windsor Forest, lying to the west of Windsor Great Park, is to witness strange sights.

Some of its trees were cut down in the first year of the war, and it has been lying derelict since. Now the Commissioners of Crown Lands are laying out two full-sized golf links there, and are going to let 1200 acres of it on lease for country houses.

It would cost a great deal to replant the forest with trees, and it would be a long time before it could reach anything like its former glory. As an open space, also, Windsor Great Park is great enough without it. Situated where it is, the nation, which will gather the rents, will get much more out of it under the new scheme than it could from replanting, and in its present state it is of no use to anyone. The Treasury's idea of helping the revenue in this way seems to us, therefore, most excellent.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



OLD BLACK JOE

The Goldfish that Helped to Win the War

We have been reading about a goldfish in America. When the Great War still hung in the balance this goldfish did its bit to win it.

It was one of a famous family among goldfishes which distinguish themselves from the common shoal by not being gold at all, but black. Their family name is the Moors. This goldfish was known far and wide in America as Old Black Joe.

But, famous and valuable as was Old Black Joe, which was priced by his owner at £1000, it was destined to become better known still and to raise many times that sum for a just cause.

What this aristocrat among goldfish did to make the world safe for democracy was to turn suddenly from black to red, white, and blue. Flying the colours of the Allies, Old Black Joe was exhibited to help the sale of Liberty Bonds.

If a black goldfish could sacrifice his all for the cause of liberty who could hesitate? That was how America put it to its people, who responded right gallantly, and Old Black Joe changed not only his colour but his name, for he was called Miss Liberty in honour of his services, and there is no evidence that he was not proud of the title.

A SWAN IN BLUE

How a Butcher Lost His Apron

A queer story comes to us from a correspondent in Wales.

A swan tried to fly over Cardigan Bridge, struck the telegraph wires, and fell senseless to the ground.

A butcher who was passing threw his apron over the bird. It was a new apron.

Suddenly the bird recovered, but the apron was never recovered.

Off flew the swan, draped in butcher's blue, and probably no one will ever know what happened to the butcher's apron.

THE SWAYING TOWER OF LINCOLN

Cathedral Passes Out of Danger

The work of restoring Lincoln Cathedral has been in progress many years, and over £62,000 has been spent. Yet there is half as much again to do.

As at St. Paul's, the chief work is the pouring in of liquid cement to fill the cracks. But while the cracks in St. Paul's measure at most two inches across, those at Lincoln reach as much as twelve! The centre tower and great transepts were supported by arches cracked right through.

While the north-west tower was being treated the south-west tower was swaying six inches, and the movement was springing cracks in the walls below.

The experts do not know how the building has resisted collapse in such a condition, but it is believed that the danger point has been passed.

£50,000 WORTH OF MACHINERY

And What Happened

Two years ago a crowd of gloomy men and women poured out of a factory in a certain town.

They had heard that their employers were going to install £50,000 worth of labour-saving machinery, and they felt sure they were going to lose their jobs.

But today not one of them has lost his job; they are earning higher wages, and 134 new men have been engaged. No wonder the managing-director says that labour-saving machinery saves no labour.

All the same, he is proud of it, for it brings bigger profits and better wages. In a remarkable speech he declared that the secret of success in industry is increased production and cooperation, by which he meant that master and man must obey the law to love one's neighbour as oneself.

A WILD BEAST IN DUBLIN

Adventures of a Badger

A Dublin woman had the fright of her life the other day.

She lives in a tenement-house in the Summerhill district, and one morning she found a strange grey animal creeping down a passage in the basement. She had never seen anything like it before and set a dog on it, but the strange creature put the dog to flight.

More dogs failed to rout the mysterious monster, and someone suggested sending to the Dublin Zoo.

Keepers arrived on the scene, and after some difficulty captured the animal, which proved to be only a badger. How it got into the city is a mystery. Perhaps it felt the lure of town life, but now it longs to go back to the land.

Alas! it is too late. They have put it in the Zoological Gardens, where it will have everything it wants, except liberty; and the children of Dublin do their best to ruin its constitution with buns.

OUR GREAT VISITOR

The First Indian Bishop

A very interesting man is visiting London. He is Dr. Vedanayakam Azariah, the first Indian to become a bishop in the Church of England.

Dr. Azariah's diocese is a large one, called Dornakal, and most of his work is concerned with the outcasts, the vast multitude of people who are regarded as untouchable by Hindus or Moslems for reasons of religion or class. They are quite ignorant, and have to be taught the Bible stories by little plays, like the plays the monks performed when they tried to convert Englishmen who could not read or write in the long ago. So history repeats itself.

But Dr. Azariah is not content that the outcasts should remain ignorant, and he has a plan for boarding schools, where the fees will be £3 a year.

TWO GALLANT DOCTORS

Heroes of the Wars

CAROLINE MATTHEWS OF SERBIA

A brave woman doctor has just died. Serbia will remember Caroline Matthews, and England should be proud of her.

Early in the war she went to Serbia, where the need for doctors was so terribly urgent. She was in charge of a hospital full of wounded men in Uzitsi when the Germans and Austrians made the advance of 1915. The Serbian Army had to retreat, and Dr. Matthews was advised to go with them, but she refused to leave the wounded.

When the conquerors marched in they commandeered all the medical stores in the place. How could she tend her patients without bandages, disinfectants, anodynes, or any medicines? She made an indignant protest, and was imprisoned for it. Her experiences undermined her health, and she died of pneumonia only 24 years after taking her degree.

At the same time there died in Strasbourg a doctor who did something very like Dr. Matthews in another war, the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. Dr. Boeckel, who was a civilian, tended the French wounded during the siege of Strasbourg. It nearly cost him his life, but the man of mercy managed to escape into France. It is pleasant to know that he was able to spend his old age in his beloved Alsace.

Both these doctors, man and woman, were worthy members of a noble calling. Either would have died for a patient, and neither would have refused to help a wounded enemy. They were loyal to the highest things of life.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bithynia	Bith-in-e-ah
Botticelli	Bot-te-chel-le
Fayoum	Fy-oom
Moeris	Me-ris

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 14

1927

Drive the War Mind Out of Business

MEMORIES of great men crowd thick and fast on us in this year of 1927. Not a month goes by without the name of one of them appearing in the news.

Some were among the greatest of mankind, like Sir Isaac Newton. Some were humble, like the Stockton chemist John Walker, who made the first striking match; a great healer like Lister, a great discoverer like Volta, a great teacher like Pestalozzi, an immortal musician like Beethoven. The words of Ecclesiasticus spring into the mind in thinking of them—men who were the glory of their time; such as by their knowledge and learning were meet for the people; such men as found out musical tunes; men living peaceably.

Men living peaceably! The old scribe kept that to the last in praising them. The men who seek peace and ensue it are those who are the glory of their times. They remain benefactors when their times are past. It is as benefactors that they are commemorated.

Nobody numbers among the benefactors those who brought war to the people. It is seldom that wreaths are laid at the feet of the conqueror a hundred years after he has yielded to the conqueror Death. If he were commemorated it would be for something, as a poet said of a kindly act of Napoleon, far removed from his murderous glory. The difficulty is to find such a thing.

In the C.N. Monthly we are reminded this month that Napoleon met two of the men whose centenaries are kept this year—Volta, who invented the cell which led to the industrial use of electricity, and Pestalozzi, who by his teaching and his love of it led the world to think of education as something which should be the rightful heritage of every child, poor or rich.

Napoleon was interested in the electrician because he hoped Volta's invention might bring out something which would enable him to conquer his enemies, especially the English, whose love of science had first drawn Volta to England. In Pestalozzi Napoleon was not interested; he told him he had no time to bother with the A B C.

There spoke the War Mind. It has no use for anything which will help humanity or raise it up. It seeks only what will subdue mankind to its will. It wants to lift up nobody. It would sink half a world for its own glory. The conqueror's motto is enshrined in the savage words of Swift:

I have no title to aspire,
But when you sink I seem the higher.

It is our work in this generation, and our great and solemn privilege, to drive the War Mind out of business. The new world has no room for it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Donkey's Evidence

AN old story has just been given a new application to show the difference between a philosopher and a man of science.

It is the story of the neighbour who called on Narr-ed-din, a Turkish Hadji, and asked if he might borrow the Hadji's donkey. The Hadji did not like lending his ass any more than we like lending our lawn-mower, so he replied, "I am sorry, but the donkey is not here; I have hired him out for the day."

At that moment the donkey brayed in the stable, and the borrower cried: "Aha! the donkey is at home after all!"

"Sir," cried the Hadji, "are you so low-minded as to believe a vulgar donkey rather than a venerable Hadji?"

The Philosopher is the man who believes the Hadji; the Scientist is the man who believes the donkey.

Be Ready

By the Chief Scout

Be prepared, and don't be scared
By difficult work or play.
To fry an egg or mend a leg
Is all in the work of the day.

John Too Blunt

SOMETHING has lately been said about the sufferings of lobsters which are prepared for table by plunging them alive into boiling water. It does not seem a kindly act, however one may look at it, and it will not make it more so to suppose, as that jolly writer John Blunt does in the Daily Mail, that it is absurd to bother about such trifles.

John Blunt, who writes so much common sense in looking at common things, is this time John Too Blunt. To do anything to any animal which has the appearance of cruelty is to blunt the finer feelings. It hurts us as well as the animal, because our gentleness, our kindness, our humanity, suffer by the act. What was it the poet said:

I would not count that man my friend
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

John Blunt may say that to consider lobsters and worms and black-beetles too delicately is to lay oneself open to being thought cranky, but it is better to be cranky than cruel, and happily there is no need to be either.

Things That Last

Hugh built an almshouse, Mark painted pictures,
John was a tyrant—long, long ago.
Torment and terror stalked through John's kingdom,
Rivers of weeping there used to flow.

Centuries followed. John's sin is over,
Freedom has conquered, all tears are dried.

Still stands Hugh's almshouse, still smile Mark's pictures.
Kindness and Beauty, these twain abide.

The Road to War

WE have read with much regret that a prominent list of Rules of Conduct for Fascists has been posted in all Italian barracks containing these two notes:

Remember that the Fascist, especially the militiaman, must not believe in perpetual peace.

Your musket and your uniform have been given you not to spoil in idleness but to preserve for war.

It seems a profound pity to disappoint the millions of friends of Italy throughout the world by displays so menacing and so unfriendly to other nations.

Tip-Cat

IT is said that every man has one book in him. Our complaint is that he too often lets it come out.

A NEWSPAPER heading announces: Motoring without squeaks. Sounds summary for the poor pedestrian.

KNOW how to tramp, says Mr. Stephen Graham, and you know how to live. But not where.

PEACE is said to be a paying proposition. No taxpayer will deny that.

SHOW me a good talker, writes a writer, and I will show you a bad worker. In the House of Commons he can see both for nothing.

EVERY boy wants to go fast. Except when he is sent on an errand.

POWDER used to go off with a bang; we regret that it now goes on with a puff.

THERE is a scarcity of bulls in Northern Ireland. So the Ulsterman, like the Scot, is joking with difficulty.

HUSBAND and wife must not be short-tempered at the same time. Especially if the time is short.

No nation is good enough, we are told, to dominate another. If it was it wouldn't want to.

The Prayer of George Washington in a Dark Hour

Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of obedience to government and a brotherly affection for each other and for their fellow-citizens; that Thou wilt dispose us all to do justice, love mercy, and demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and peaceful mind without which we can never hope to be a happy nation.

To a Toy

By Our Country Girl

A tiny chest of drawers that has stood on a shelf for a century and more has reached our Country Girl from a C.N. reader.

A CHEST of drawers six inches high!

It gives me (people wonder why)
Much pleasure;
And, tho' I'm far too big to play,
Upon the mantel you shall stay,
My treasure.

You are (if I may make so bold)
A century of summers old
At least, sir,
And when I think how children play
My wonder is in every way
Increased, sir.

How *could* a toy survive so long?
Your timbers must be staunch
and strong,
And, maybe,
Your little owners loved you so
They guarded you from Brother
Joe
And Baby.

SOME carpenter who loved his
trade,
And loved his little daughter, made
You soundly.
Mahogany! Brass handles too!
She kissed him when he finished
you
Right roundly.

AND many little girls [since this
Have paid for you with such
a kiss,
I'm thinking,
Have folded doll's clothes in the
drawers,
And polished till that brass of yours
Was winking.

ALAS! that all of them are gone,
And only you are living on,
You solely!
Yet still a friend is left: to me
A thing a child has loved must be
Half holy.

He Would Be a Sailor

AN industrious historian of Massachusetts has brought to light proof that among the Pilgrim Fathers on the Mayflower was one whose name was not on the passenger list.

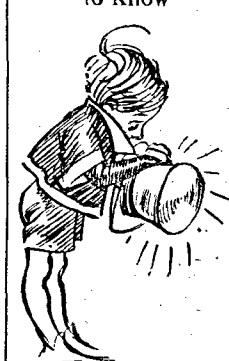
The discovery has sent a thrill through America, where the number of descendants of those who came over in the Mayflower is so large that if joined hand to hand they would stretch across the Atlantic and back again.

Another Mayflower pilgrim would elevate many more in the social scale and bring joy to countless American homes in search of an ancestor.

The only fly in the ointment, or we might say the only blot on the scutcheon, would be the discovery that the ancestor was a stowaway! Yet, even so, his unassisted passage would show that he must have had the soul of a pioneer. He may have been (who knows?) the first American to think of getting from a log cabin to the White House.

Three men, by helping one another,
can carry the burden of six.
Spanish Maxim

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If playing with draughts will give him a cold

May 14, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

IMMENSE CHANGES IN ITALY

MUSSOLINI'S VAST EXPERIMENT

Remarkable Plan to Bring About Industrial Peace

THE PARTY AS THE NATION

Italy is on the brink of tremendous and most far-reaching changes.

Her people have already lost their political liberty; now their very bread-winning is to be in the hands of the State, the State over which they have no control. It may all be a very great and historic success, or it may be one of the gravest errors in the world. We shall see. It is, at least, one of the biggest experiments a nation has ever made.

Unions of Masters and Men

We have heard something already of the elaborate machinery now being set up by Mussolini for preventing strikes and lock-outs, and of the contrivances by which he will keep the machinery under Fascist control. Now it is arranged that the whole of the wage-earning and money-making activities of the country (manufacture, commerce, agriculture, transport, banking, even the professions) are to be governed through a network of local unions of workers and employers, each section having two national federations of masters and of men, and the federations themselves being grouped into two supreme bodies representing all industry over the whole of the country.

These organisations will be governed by rules prescribed by the Government and by officers and committees whom the Government or its local representatives may change at will. Everyone must subscribe to them, and trade agreements can only be made through them; but no one is compelled to belong to them; indeed, only those who are judged to be "of good political conduct from the national point of view" will be allowed to be members.

How Disputes Will Be Settled

Any worker who strikes or any master who locks his men out becomes subject to heavy fines and imprisonment. Disputes will be settled by district courts, and the inquiries will be conducted by officers and committees who owe their posts to the Government.

At the head of the whole organisation is the Ministry of Corporations, with Mussolini as the Minister, assisted by a Council on which the federations will be represented by people approved by him. There is special interest in this Council because it is believed that some such body will soon step into the place of Parliament itself. Representative government as set up by Cavour when Italy became a nation has already been destroyed, and the new Corporations, built up out of chosen supporters of Fascism, will probably seem to Mussolini an ideal substitute for an old-fashioned Parliament.

Growing Discontent

What have the Italian people to say to it all? We cannot tell from their newspapers, for the censorship has destroyed free criticism and spies and informers have made it dangerous for those in Italy even to say what they think to their friends. But there are reports that discontent is growing in the very quarters where Mussolini's suppression of the Socialists and the epidemic of strikes were most joyfully welcomed. It was tiresome, for employers to be controlled by their workmen, but will it be less tiresome to be controlled in every movement by a Government Department?

There are those who believe that Italy is on the eve of immense events—a war or an economic disaster of a very grave kind. There are those who believe that all is well and that Italy is on the road to enduring greatness. We shall see.

WHY OUR ORDERS GO ABROAD

BRITISH makers of electrical plant have had some rather severe shocks of late through contracts going abroad.

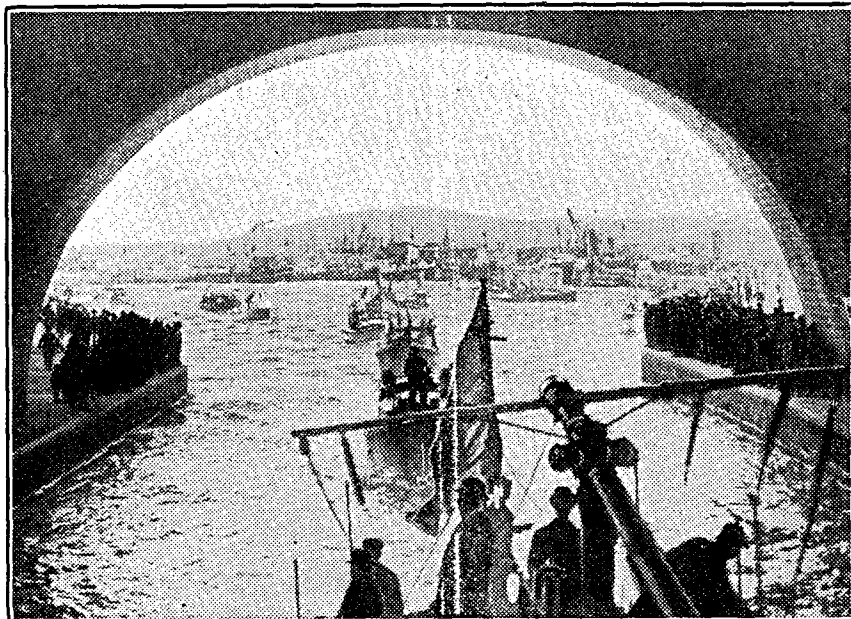
Mansfield Corporation, for example, called for tenders for the supply of electric cable, and all the British firms asked prices which the Corporation thought too high, so it was decided to accept the tender of a Dutch firm which was twenty per cent lower.

The Southern Railway has had a much larger contract to place. It was for 23 rotary converters for the London suburban lines which are to be electrified, and the contract has gone to a Swedish firm at £120,000. This was not much below the price asked by the British firms, but the British firms made conditions as to how the work should be

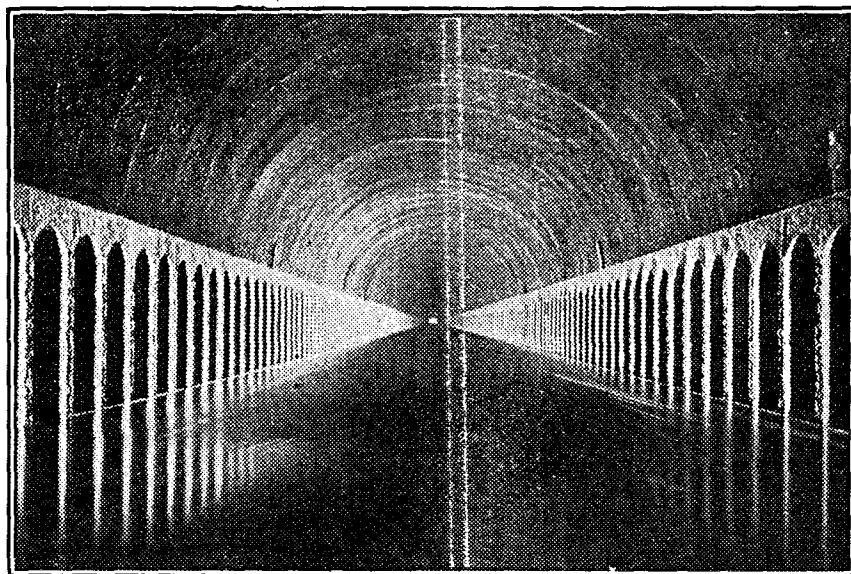
distributed and as to who should be given the contracts for switches. The Company declared that these conditions amounted to an attempt at dictation, and sent the contract abroad rather than submit to them.

It seems another example of the way in which we may often be our own enemies. There is plenty of scope among manufacturers for agreements that will increase effectiveness and economy; such agreements are an advantage to all. But manufacturers who make agreements which hamper their customers instead of helping them are apt to overreach themselves, and in these cases the whole country suffers by the loss of two contracts, as if we were not already suffering enough.

BOATS GO THROUGH A MOUNTAIN



Boats entering the canal from Marseilles Harbour



Looking through the great tunnel to its exit

President Doumergue recently opened a canal which runs through a mountain and joins Marseilles to the River Rhône. It has taken 3000 men 15 years to bore the tunnel, which is nearly five miles long and has cost twelve-and-a-half million pounds. See page 4

It is Mussolini's idea that the Fascist Party is the Italian Party, and that there is no room in Italy for those who oppose it. It is a daring faith, which can only be justified by events, and for all who love Italy from outside her gates the right attitude to preserve is to pray that all will be well.

It must be admitted by all that there are many excellent points in the new scheme. The worker gets some return for his loss of liberty. He is declared to have the right to a weekly rest, if not on Sunday then on some other day, and public and religious holidays are to be respected according to local traditions. After a year's continuous labour in regular employment the worker has the right

to an annual paid holiday. If he is discharged through no fault of his own he is entitled to a money payment according to his length of service, and his family is entitled to such payment if he dies.

A short illness does not terminate his contract, but for offences against discipline he may be fined, suspended, or dismissed without compensation. A new workman undergoes a period of trial, during which either he or his employer may end his engagement before his contract becomes permanent. Employers must engage their workers from the labour exchanges, but they must give preference to members of the Fascist Party.

THE TERROR OF THE MISSISSIPPI

MIGHTY RIVER BREAKS LOOSE

The Rushing of the Waters to New Orleans

DRAMATIC SCENES

The whole world has been ringing with the story of the mighty Mississippi. Rarely has such a flood been recorded.

Many thousands of square miles of farming country have been submerged, scores of towns and hundreds of villages have been flooded, and hundreds of thousands of people have been made homeless. Over a hundred thousand animals (perhaps twice as many) were drowned, and the damage done amounts to hundreds of millions of pounds.

How can one river work such havoc? To begin with, the Mississippi is more than a single river. There is no other river like it. It is itself, with its 3160 miles, only the fifth longest river in the world, but its tributary, the Missouri, is 3000 miles long, and the other tributaries, the Arkansas River, the Ohio, and the Red River of Louisiana, are all over a thousand miles long. Among them they drain a territory stretching from Pennsylvania to the Rockies, covering an area of a million and a quarter square miles.

A Thousand Miles of Dykes

The waters from this vast river system flow ultimately in a single channel till they spread out in a delta below New Orleans. Every spring, after the melting of the northern snows and the spring rains, these waters increase enormously in volume, and then come the floods. It would seem that they are much greater now than ever before, but they are not; they have merely done more damage than ever because their channel has been steadily growing narrower.

That has happened, first, because the people began to make mud banks to hem in the floods, so that they might cultivate the rich alluvial soil the floods had made. As engineering science improved and wealth increased these mud banks, called levees, were strengthened till they became formidable dykes, and they now run on both sides of the river for a thousand miles.

Flood Danger Increasing

But all the time the Mississippi and its tributaries continued to bring down vast quantities of silt and sediment, and these, no longer distributed over the plains, have raised and narrowed the river-bed itself, so that the levees have had constantly to be raised. So the river, in its lower reaches, has risen higher and higher above the surrounding plain. At the same time towns and villages and farms have multiplied.

At New Orleans itself, a great city of over 400,000 people, the river surface, 2000 feet wide, now passes ten or fifteen feet above the level of the handsome houses and luxuriant gardens bordering its banks. It is easy to imagine the terror with which the people watched the water rising inch by inch.

A Great City in Peril

At earlier stages of the floods higher up the river the waters themselves made huge breaches in the levees and spread over the surrounding plain. To ease the pressure and save New Orleans the levees at a safe distance below the city were deliberately blown up.

The first blastings laid nine square miles of land under water, but this reduced the level of the river by only one inch, and more and more of the levees had to be blown away. The river was only a few inches from the top of the dyke while the crest of the flood was still coming on four hundred miles away.

It must have been a very exciting and terrible thing to be living in New Orleans during the days in which the floods ate up those four hundred miles.

DAVID UNIAPON THE FINE BLACK MAN ACROSS THE EARTH

Possibilities of the Race that
Once Owned Australia

THIRTY THOUSAND STRONG

At one end of the Black Man's scale stands David Uniapon, a sort of university professor; at the other stands an odd little man eating snakes.

So we read the other day in a traveller's impression of the problem of the native in Australia. It is a fascinating but difficult question.

In the fine new schemes for making and keeping Australia a white man's country the white man must remember the All Blacks who possessed the great continent before we did.

These Australian aborigines, sooty in colour and complexion as no other race, are one of the most interesting races in the world. Sir Baldwin Spencer, a great scientific man, who knows these Blacks as no one else does and who has a deep affection for them, says they are dying out.

Stone Age Men

There are 30,000 of them, and some who have studied them believe they were never very much more numerous than this because they have always led a rather hard, wandering life among the desert plains of Australia and have never had enough food at hand to increase rapidly. Australia is, and always has been, without great mammals, all the races of which flourished in the northern part of the globe but never found their way to this island continent of the south.

Consequently the Australian Black grew up into almost as strange and rare a human being as the animals which developed in his land. These animals had no new strains introduced among them. The Australian men lived alone and apart in the Stone Age for thousands of years before Captain Cook came to discover them.

A Primitive Existence

Many of them live in the Stone Age still. In the sun-washed and almost rainless lands of Central Australia wandering tribes of them feed on roots and snakes and iguana lizards and "witchetty grub" caterpillars. They have totems and ceremonies which bear witness to the esteem in which they hold these supporters of their existence.

They often have not enough to eat in a bad season. Their homes are mere windscreens, behind which they crouch. They have flint knives and scrapers; their chief weapons are the spear and the boomerang. Children in temper and temperament, they are alternately gay and violent. Quite irresponsible, nobody can say what a Black Man will do.

The Black Man's Handicaps

Yet, with all the handicaps of never having known what white men call civilisation, these black men have built up a religion and praiseworthy customs of their own. They are superb hunters; they have no greed of property, for nobody has any, and everything belongs to all. They are often good and faithful servants to the farmers in the Northern Territory who can persuade them to stick to work.

A strange people indeed, relics of the childhood of the world. Are they not worth preserving? Not as curiosities, but as a people who were born, as the most intelligent European is, of far-back Stone Age ancestors, and who therefore inherit, as he does, the possibilities of a man's brain.

Their brains have been untutored for thousands of years, while that of the European has been refined by constant communion with his fellows. But there is a sounder reason than mere theorising for supposing that the Australian Aborigine can rise to higher things. There are many of them who have

SLEEPING IN SIGHT OF TWO CONTINENTS

The Golden Horn by Night

A travelling correspondent who was sleeping the other night with Europe in sight on one side of her and Asia in sight on the other sends us this note from the Sea of Marmora.

The last pale glow of sunset shed a golden-brown gleam over the Sea of Marmora as the Queen of Cities slowly came into view.

The domes and minarets of Stamboul crowned the city of dreams rising shadowy from the sea.

Above the Galata Quays the lights of the European Quarter were flashing forth, while on the Asiatic coast lay Scutari, dark and mysterious as the cypress trees crowning her ridge. We were to sleep that night in what must surely be one of the loveliest harbours in the world.

Lights of Europe and Asia

Constantinople lay in velvety dusk and glittering light. The brilliant lights of the European coast, the twentieth-century world of the East, seemed like some huge comet resting on the dark waters of the Sea of Marmora. Behind us lay Asia, and here, too, lights were shining far between. One luminous patch brought into view the great square barracks and the long, low building where Florence Nightingale tended her wounded heroes long ago. Glimmerings here and there revealed the presence of villages along the coast.

Suddenly out of the darkness over the Golden Horn appeared a moving beam of light, gliding fantastically toward us over the water like a giant spirit of the sea; it was the headlight of a ferry-boat running from Constantinople to the islands and the villages, a boat beginning its journey in Europe and ending in Asia. Then I heard for the first time the haunting rhythm of the Turkish boatman, the weird music haunting the waters between two continents. It seemed to me that there was in it something of the romance of East and West, and of all the meeting and clashing of the two throughout the ages on the shores by these dreamy waters.

WHERE ONE C.N. GOES

8000 Miles to 30 People

A courteous reader, who sends the C.N. to her nephew, a bandsman soldier in India, has been good enough to forward to us what he says about the paper in a letter home.

It is one of innumerable proofs of how the readers of a paper far exceed the number of its actual printed copies. Here is an extract from the letter.

Thank you very much for sending me the most interesting Children's Newspaper. I enjoy reading it very much, and when I have finished with it I pass it round the band, and I assure you that most of its members are almost as eager as myself over its arrival every week. Eventually it finds its way to the place where I spent my last enjoyable holiday. Every letter I get from my friends there has something in it about the little paper. It not only travels 8000 miles, but it gives pleasure to at least thirty people.

Continued from the previous column

shown an intelligence which can be highly cultivated by education. Among them is David Uniapon, an aboriginal who has astounded the professors of Melbourne and Sydney Universities by the breadth of his intelligence and his capacity to absorb instruction. Moreover, he has become an acknowledged authority on ballistics, which has to do with projectiles, or the hurling of power over great distances.

There is the contrast. At one end of the scale the Australian who is the equivalent of a university professor; at the other the poor Black who eats grubs! But both are of the same race. The future of both, and of their race, should be founded on a belief in the possibilities of grading up, not grading down.

A BACKWARD COLONY

Trouble in British Guiana

AND THE WAY OUT

We have a colony in the Western World that has not been prospering as it should, and two members of Parliament have been to see why.

This commission of two was sent out to British Guiana by the Secretary for the Colonies, and it has now handed in its report. The trouble, say the Commissioners, is that the Government has not been allowed to govern. It has been controlled and hampered by elected bodies which share its power but represent only 12,000 electors out of 300,000, drawn from many different races.

Unfortunately, these 12,000 have not justified their privilege by results. There has been corruption at elections, and finances, health, and education have suffered as much as morals under their control. The Commissioners recommend changes which will prevent these people from obstructing reforms.

The present system of education, the Commissioners say, would be ludicrously unsuitable if it were not tragically so. It is fifty years behind the times, and the only children who get a training of any value are those sent to the industrial schools, either because they have been before a criminal court or because they are orphans.

THE COST OF LIVING

Lowest Prices for Ten Years

Very slowly the cost of living is going down. No one knows how much farther it will fall, or whether it will fall any farther at all, and no one expects it will reach the pre-war figure in our time.

But it is lower now than it has been in the last ten years. A year ago the cost of living was 68 per cent higher than in the last month before the war; a month ago it was 71 per cent higher; now it is 65 per cent higher, three per cent better than a year ago.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

We may now fly from London to Constantinople direct in 70 hours.

A Surrey woman who had made 40 voyages between England and South Africa has lately died.

A Hull boy looking out of an upper floor window was struck by a shoe kicked off by a passing horse.

New Statue to an Old Roman

A statue in honour of Virgil has been unveiled at Mantua, near which town he was born in 70 B.C.

Poppies and Houses

The British Legion is to spend £70,000 of the money raised on Poppy Day on a housing scheme.

The Life-Savers

There were 269 launchings of lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution last year, and 361 lives were saved.

The Cobbler and the Glue Pot

In repairing shoes many cobblers are now glueing new soles instead of sewing or nailing them.

Aeroplanes and London Traffic

Aeroplanes are to take photographs of London traffic to help the authorities in mastering its problems.

More Listeners-in

There are now about two and a quarter million licensed listeners-in in Britain, compared with 1,906,000 a year ago.

Eton's Song

Eton's school song, Floreat Etona, has been sung into the gramophone by the whole school for Old Etonians holding administrative posts in the Empire.

Appleby and its Attractions

One by one our towns are realising their opportunities. Appleby, "the beauty spot of the Eden Valley," has now erected boards drawing the attention of motorists to its history and to its interest as a holiday centre.

OLD THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Chance in a Million
THE BUTLER AND THE PEER

From Mr. Edward Ash's monumental work on dogs we learn of an amusing old belief. It used to be said that a dog's nose was cold and wet because Noah used it to stop a leak in the Ark!

Eugénie Schumann, daughter of the great composer, began to write her memoirs at 70, and celebrates her 76th birthday this year by an English edition of the book. It contains a story of a very strange coincidence. Piatti, the great cellist, came to London, and he sent for his father from Italy to join him. The old man did not speak English, and was so flustered by the journey that he lost his son's address. After getting out of the train he wandered about, panic-stricken, for a while, and at last, going up to a stranger, he said the one word Piatti. By one chance in a million the old man had spoken to someone who knew his son very well, and he led him to the right place!

Japanese Football 900 Years Ago

A novel by Murasaki can hardly be called a new book, for she lived 923 years ago, but Mr. Arthur D. Waley's translation of the Japanese manuscript is new. Murasaki was a lady-in-waiting who was bored by the dull life at Court and consoled herself by writing the adventures of a prince named Genji in 500,000 words. Mr. Waley has translated and published part of the book, but there are other volumes to come.

Schoolboys and athletes will be interested to learn from Murasaki that the Japanese played football in 1004, the main idea of the game being the same as it is today.

Butlers have a harder life than the world wots of. Mr. Percy Armitage, whose memoirs are being serialised in a newspaper and will soon appear in book form, tells of one poor butler who knew a certain friend of his master's as Sir James Hogg. One day Sir James was made a peer, and on his next visit he repeated his new title to the man several times as they went upstairs together. But Lord Magheramorne is hard to learn if you are feeling flustered, and the butler, when he arrived at the drawing-room door, announced *The late Sir James Hogg!*

CROYDON'S NEW PLANS

Bringing the Aerodrome
Up to Date

The very latest wireless apparatus will be installed this summer at Croydon for the Air Ministry.

Wireless masts and transmitters will be erected about three miles away in order to keep the aerodrome free from obstructions. As explained in the C.N. recently, a great deal of the wireless communication of the future for aeroplanes will be by telegraphy and not by speech, and the new apparatus will be able to deal with telephonic and telegraphic transmissions.

It will be possible to receive speech and telegraphic messages on the same aerial, and a special direction-finding receiver will make the location of aeroplanes far easier than now.

THE CLOCK THAT NEEDS NO WINDING

Something new in electric clocks has been invented by an English firm of clockmakers.

Almost silent, the clock ticks away the hours year in and year out without needing winding, its energy being obtained from the ordinary electric mains which supply the house lighting.

THE GREAT DYKE OF OLD ENGLAND

WHO MADE IT AND WHAT IS IT?

Twenty Years of Patient Searching Into a Mystery

A PIECE OF BURIED HISTORY

England is not all arterial roads and motor-cars. She has lanes smelling of hawthorn, moors swept by the winds, bare hills marked with the winding cattle tracks of the days when the island was lost in the mists of old time.

The motorist on the main road catches a glimpse of the tracks and wonders at them, and wonders more, perhaps, at the embankments which run like long scars from hill to dale and back again to hill for miles and miles on end. The seeker after the buried history of the land wonders too, for these embankments and the ditches beside them are among our mysteries.

A Mystery Still Unsolved

The country people call them dykes. There are Offa's Dyke and the Fleam Dyke, and several Devil's Dykes, but the name tells us nothing. The strangest of all is the Wansdyke.

It is the greatest of them all, too, and none can certainly tell its history, or who built it, or why it was built. But that is not for want of trying. Two inquiring archaeologists, Mr. Albany Major and Mr. Edward J. Burrow, spent twenty years of their lives in examining it. The first of them has solved the last great mystery of all; Mr. Major is dead. Mr. Burrow has dedicated the book, which, with all its beautiful drawings and charts and plans, reveals all that is open to the eye about the Wansdyke, to his friend.

What is Wansdyke?

It is a noble memorial to a devoted inquirer, but it is also a memorial to a labour of love in which there is no profit, but only the desire for greater knowledge of Old England's past. The book, which is necessarily expensive, is called *The Mystery of Wansdyke*, for it does not pretend to say that it has solved the problem, but only sets before the reader all that patience and research have found about it. Mr. Burrow himself publishes the volume, with over 200 drawings and plans, and its price is 25s.

What is this Wansdyke? Let Mr. Burrow tell us. He saw it first on a hot summer's day as he went along the road from Marlborough to Devizes, and as he reached the gap in the Wiltshire Downs at Shepherd's Shore it seemed to come toward him, striding the Down like a rampart. A little farther from the summit of the Down he saw it stretching west and east, driven as with the furrow of a giant ploughshare through the chalk of the hills over curve beyond curve until it is lost in the distance.

Prehistoric Earthworks

It goes on for eighty miles from Inkpen Beacon, or from its branch at Ludgershall in South Wiltshire, till it comes to the Severn. It threads the dark mass of Savernake Forest; it goes through places of great loneliness, where the blue hills it always keeps in sight are crowned by the vast designs of prehistoric earthworks.

Sometimes it is a huge earthwork, nearly 30 feet from parapet to ditch and so steep that the sheep climb it zigzag; sometimes it fades away, worn by Time's effacing finger, among the hedgerows and field boundaries of the valleys and arable lands—yet always to be found.

It marches by the side of forgotten history and the works of people whose thoughts and lives are gone beyond recall, with nothing to mark them except the earthworks at which they laboured or the circles of stone and timber within which they worshipped.

What manner of people were they who built the Wansdyke? Was it a continuous

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

A Tanner's Son Among the Immortals

Botticelli died on May 17, 1510.

There was living in Florence in the fifteenth century a tanner called Mariano di Vanni dei Filipeppi. He had four sons, three of them ordinary men; the fourth, Sandro, born about 1444, a genius.

As the eldest became middle-aged he lost his beautiful surname. A little barrel, or bottel, hung outside his shop for a trade sign, and as the man himself was slightly round in appearance the Florentines, who dearly loved a joke, said "There into the shop of the little barrel goes the little barrel." The man became known as Il Botticello.

Florence was secretly proud of Sandro even in a period when so many geniuses were working within her grey, many-towered walls. And now, four and a half centuries later, the whole world is proud of Botticelli. It would be difficult to say how much pure pleasure the contemplation of his work has given to people who love beautiful things.

Beloved By Those Who Knew Him

From the first, the boy was a dreamy, nervous being, and caused his good father the tanner some perplexity. He tried him at this trade and that. Then, says Vasari, the man who wrote the lives of many painters, "the boy was enamoured of painting, and opened his heart freely to his father, who, seeing the force of his inclination, took him to Fra Filippo Lippi, a most excellent painter, in order that Sandro might learn from him according to his desire."

Presently he opened a workshop of his own, and became one of the painters of Florence. He worked for Lorenzo de Medici, and soon his fame spread, and he was called by the Pope to Rome. There he stayed two years, working hard and much beloved by the men who got to know him. He was always a sensitive, imaginative, and sympathetic soul, never thinking much about the world's standards of wealth, giving freely of money and friendship as occasion offered.

A Master of Line

About middle age he fell under the influence of Savonarola, and the spiritual side of his nature became much the strongest force in his character. Until then he had painted pictures of pagan mythology or scenes that dealt with Nature as the Greeks had sung about her. The most beautiful of these is called *Spring*, in the Academy of Florence.

After this change came Botticelli painted little but sacred subjects. To this period belong the many pictures of the Madonna and the Saints, some of which we treasure in the National Gallery.

Botticelli stands out among the Italian painters as a master of line. He cared really very little about colour, and sometimes, for the joy of working out a certain contour, lost sight of the demands of the picture as a whole. Botticelli's line is a phrase often used by artists. It expressed the man's temperament and ideal. We can see the delight he had in his work when we look at the pure faces of his Madonnas, that leaning cheek-line he loved so.

His work got more spiritual as he got older. He was always a little aloof from the noisy, rollicking things of life, and his later pictures were like himself, in the world and yet not of it. He died in Florence on May 17, 1510.

Continued from the previous column

work linking up the earthworks of the hills? Was it thrown up for defence, and, if so, by whom and against whom?

These questions have no satisfying answer. But anyone whose wanderings ever take him near the Wansdyke will feel the glamour of the unseen presence of its builders, and those who have not seen it will capture some of the glamour from the devotion and care with which this book has been read.

C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND PUTTING AN INSTITUTION ON ITS FEET

What Our Readers Have Done SIXTH LIST

The C.N. Birthday Fund, to which our readers have been sending their half-crowns during the last few weeks on behalf of the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill, is now closed with a total of £470.

The Editor is very grateful to all who have responded to his appeal, and the authorities of the Home at Bexhill are anxious to assure our readers of their very warm appreciation.

The Secretary of the Queen's Hospital for Children at Bethnal Green, to which the seaside home is attached, writes to explain that the Home our readers have so substantially helped is really a branch hospital, designed to receive children who could hardly be taken into an ordinary convalescent home. The average stay in the home is 53 days, the aim being to establish the health of the child permanently and not merely to provide a holiday of a few weeks.

The Secretary sends this message to C.N. readers:

"The handsome gift of close upon £500 which you have secured for the Home will be of great assistance in putting the institution on a sound footing. You have rendered a great service to the Home by drawing attention to it, and we cannot thank your readers sufficiently for their generous support."

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SATURN AT HIS NEAREST

WHY THE RINGS CHANGE

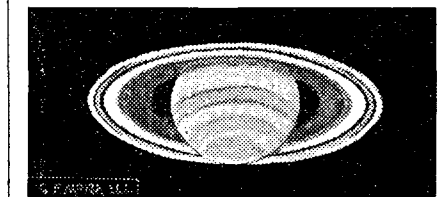
Myriads of Moons Travelling Round and Round a Planet

THE INFLUENCE OF JUPITER AND THE SUN

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On Tuesday evening next Saturn will appear very close to the Moon. The planet rises in the south-east soon after nine o'clock, summer time, and by about 10 p.m. should be easily seen above and to the right of the rising Moon, which at that time will be about six times her own diameter away.

Saturn is of particular interest just now, for he is almost at his nearest to the Earth, this being reached on May 26, when 833,500,000 miles will separate us from that lovely ringed world, the



The present appearance of Saturn as seen through an astronomical telescope

wonderful rings appearing almost at their widest.

The accompanying picture shows what Saturn looks like at the present time, inverted, as he appears through an astronomical telescope. Actually we now look down upon the north, or upper side, of the rings, almost the complete circumference of the rings being visible.

It is usual to find changes occurring in their structure, and any that have recently taken place will be more readily perceptible. These generally take the form of additional divisions in the rings and variations in the width and intensity of the two great divisions, Cassini's and Encke's.

The Two Bright Rings

Normally Cassini's division, the dark belt between the two bright rings, is about 2200 miles across, while the outer ring itself is about 11,000 miles wide and the inner bright ring some 18,000 miles. Between this and the globe of Saturn is the scarcely perceptible Crape Ring, also about 11,000 miles wide, a clear space of some 6000 miles intervening between the faint interior of the Crape Ring and Saturn's surface.

In addition to variations in these main divisions an additional outer ring is occasionally perceived, being apparently a reappearance of the faint ring discovered by M. Jarry Desloges in 1907.

Disturbing Forces

Saturn's rings being composed of innumerable little moons and particles, each one has its own orbit, and is alternately nearer and farther from the great central globe in the course of each revolution, just as our Moon is in relation to the Earth.

Now, though these myriads of little moons travel collectively in groups, forming what appear to us as concentric rings, each ring is subject to disturbing attractions from the large moons which circle round the planet, the varying proximity of Jupiter and even of the Sun; all of which influences tend to modify the delicately-balanced orbit of each ring of moons, and in this way to change the collective appearance of the rings.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus west by north. Mars west. Saturn south-east.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure By Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 13

Boarding the Borosina

It seemed to Michael that there could be only one explanation of the presence of the Russian boat in these waters: Mirski must be hunting for him.

"We must watch the fellow," he said to Chang. "It's a pity I daren't risk showing myself."

"But I think you may watch him without much risk," answered the Chinese. "The reeds form a good screen at the place from which I saw the boat."

"Then we'll go. Bunce, you'll be in charge of the Bantam. Keep an eye lifting for Ah Sung."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Taking his binoculars, Michael got into the dinghy with Chang, who quickly rowed him to the edge of the belt of reeds from which a part of the shore was visible. The Borosina was still in sight, some distance out, but approaching them. On her deck stood a man scanning the shore through glasses. In a few minutes she slowed down; and presently came to a stop almost opposite the concealed dinghy. Michael held his breath: had he, after all, been seen? The look-out took a careful survey; apparently he had made no discovery, for he dropped his glasses. The launch moved off again, and was soon hidden from sight.

What could her destination be? To follow in the dinghy would be to court discovery, yet her movements must be watched. Michael glanced around. A stout, thickly-leaved tree of the willow order grew some twenty yards back from the bank of the creek.

"Row in, Chang," said Michael. "I'll shin up that tree; it's high enough to give me a good view, I think. It's worth trying."

Taking his glasses, Michael was soon ensconced amid the foliage near the tree-top. His hope was justified; he could clearly see the Borosina swinging round into what appeared to be another creek about half a mile down the coast. Then she was hidden from him by the vegetation and the contour of the ground, but he could still hear the throb of the engine, and felt no little surprise when he noticed that the sound was growing louder. With his glasses to his eyes he gazed intently along the line of her course, and in a few minutes had an explanation of the mystery. The Borosina emerged from the screen of reeds well to the right and unexpectedly close: she could not have been more than a quarter of a mile away. Clearly the creek made a great bend inward, approaching the creek in which the Bantam lay.

The launch stopped. Michael saw three men leap or wade ashore and set off inland. One of them appeared to be Mirski. After a while a fourth man came up from below, loosened a tarpaulin covering from a pile of "top hamper" on deck aft, and pulled out one by one several rectangular objects which Michael at once identified as petrol tins. With them he dived below. "Filling up the tank," thought Michael. When he came up with the last of the empty tins he carried a fishing-rod. He put this together leisurely, carefully fitted his bait, then squatted on deck with his legs over the gunwale and threw his line.

Michael was not interested in the fisherman. He was wondering if he could follow up the men who had landed and discover their errand. But after a few minutes he noticed that the fisherman was moving. The Chinese stood up, stretched himself, looked carefully around, then dropped into the dinghy with his rod and line, and pulled a little way farther up the creek. Then he stopped and cast his line again.

"He's rather impatient," thought Michael, smiling at his recollection

of anglers at home who would remain an hour or more in the same spot, even though they got no bite.

It was not long before the man moved again, still farther up the creek, and presently he was out of sight.

Michael took another look at the launch, now apparently left unattended. With the aid of his glasses he could see clearly every part of her, even the spot injured by the collision. He noticed that the fisherman had not replaced the tarpaulin; and then an idea struck him, an idea that sent him shinning down the tree and running in hot haste to rejoin his friend Chang.

A few words passed between them: then Chang pulled Michael in the dinghy rapidly back to the launch. Here they exchanged a sentence or two with Tim Bunce, who grinned, slapped his thigh, and said ruefully that he wished he could be in it too, but he supposed his weight was against him. Then Michael and Chang returned in the dinghy to the spot they had just left, Michael this time carrying his revolver and a thin iron bar.

They drove the dinghy well into the reeds and stepped ashore.

"Remember, Chang," said Michael, "the red bandanna if you see the fisherman returning, the white handkerchief if there's danger from the other quarter."

"Right. I wish you good luck," said Chang, thereupon proceeding to climb the tree.

Michael set off to creep toward the creek in which the Borosina lay, moving as rapidly as he could with due regard to keeping under cover. The ground was little better than swamp, being apparently covered at high tide, and Michael found himself ankle deep in slime and enforced to make several detours to avoid pools and mud-holes. Squelching along, he at last came out on the bank of the creek some little way below the Borosina, which, resting on the mud a few yards out, was moored by a rope head and stern. He looked round and, finding that the tree was out of sight, retreated a few yards inland, then returned and came out level with the launch. Now the tree-top was visible. There was no danger signal from Chang, and Michael hastened to finish his job.

He peered all around. There was no sign of the fisherman or the other men from the Borosina. How far away the fisherman was Michael had no means of determining. He might be just round the bend, scarcely a hundred yards distant. He might shift his position again and come back before he was wanted! Without considering any more possibilities Michael slipped down the low bank of the creek, stooping, dodging from bush to bush; took another rapid glance around, then swung off to the launch hand-over-hand along the stern mooring-rope, and hauled himself on to her deck.

CHAPTER 14

The Escape of Petrol

Michael, as soon as he set foot on the deck of the launch, threw a swift look along shore, then set about a pre-determined task with an energy he had rarely displayed since his schooldays.

He dragged away the rest of the tarpaulin, its removal revealing a stack of petrol tins piled neatly one above the other in six rows. They were secured by ropes passed through the handles and attached to rings in the gunwales on each side of the vessel, so that even in the roughest sea there was small danger of their being carried overboard.

Michael's method was simplicity itself. He loosened the rope securing the first row of the upper layer, lifted the first tin, unscrewed the cap by means of the bar he had brought with him, and turned the tin upside down in the scupper. A

succession of oily gurgles announced to the fishes that something was happening.

From the first tin he went to the others in turn, treating them in the same way, and as he unscrewed their caps faster than their contents could escape there were soon three or four tins side by side emptying themselves at the same time. The liquid flowed merrily down the scupper, and the cascade of petrol plunged into the creek and set out on a serpentine iridescent track toward the sea.

When the top row was finished Michael dealt in the same manner with the second, placing the tins in the scupper on the opposite side. As soon as the last of them was thus deposited he screwed on the caps of those that were empty, and replaced them in the same neat rows on the deck, stringing the ropes through the handles.

Michael, his work done, took a long breath, murmured "That's that," and prepared to start for the shore. And then there struck upon his apprehensive ears the faint splash of oars. Without an instant's delay he swarmed across the rope, gained the shore, and had just time to hide behind a clump of tall rushes on the bank when the launch's dinghy hove into view. The fisherman, of course, had his back toward Michael, and glanced round only occasionally to guide himself. Michael seized the opportunity to dart toward a thick bush of some mimosa-like plant a little distance from the bank, and was well under cover by the time the fisherman reached the launch and climbed aboard at the bows.

Watching rather anxiously, Michael was relieved to see that the man did not go aft, where he might have detected signs of the petrol; nor was his sense of smell keen enough, it appeared, to awaken any suspicion. He laid down the few fish he had caught, stretched himself under the gunwale, and contemplated the sky.

Michael thought it was safe enough to make his way directly to the tree where he had left Chang on guard. Moving cautiously, he came at length within sight of the spot. Chang was no longer there. Feeling that his friend would not have left his post without good reason, Michael was at a loss what to do, in what direction to seek for him, whether to seek for him at all, or to hide. On the whole he thought it likely that Chang had rejoined Bunce on the Bantam, and he began to hurry toward it.

In another minute he caught sight of Chang, crouching low and signalling violently. At the same time he became aware of shouts in the distance. He quickened his pace, heeding Chang's signalled injunction to make himself as little visible as possible. When, in a minute or two,

they met Chang murmured "Ah Sung," and led Michael quickly to a spot not far from the tree.

"Keep low," he whispered, and pointed toward the west. Not two hundred yards away Ah Sung was sprinting at an extraordinarily rapid pace straight toward the Bantam. Close on his heels pounded two Chinese, and a hundred yards or so behind them ran a yelling mob of some thirty or forty men. Ah Sung and his two immediate pursuers had discarded their boots; hence the swiftness of their movements.

"We must get back to the Bantam," said Michael, and with Chang he set off at a round pace. They had a good lead of the hunt; their course converged on Ah Sung's, and for a short distance they could move under cover. But they soon emerged into full view, and then they saw Bunce standing on the bank above the moored dinghy, watching the chase. He waved his hand when he saw Michael.

"Good, sir!" he cried, as Michael and Chang reached his side. "Now all's well. You go aboard, sir, with Mr. Chang, and start the engine; belike we'll have to run out smart. I'll stand by and convoy Ah Sung, as you may say."

"I think you're right, Bunce," said Michael. "Come along, Chang; you can hold the dinghy while I go aboard."

They jumped in, pushed off, and in a few strokes were alongside the Bantam. Michael sprang on board and cranked up the engine, while Chang held the dinghy ready for his return. Thanks to the good trim in which Ah Sung, under Michael's instruction, always kept the engine, the response was instantaneous. Leaving gear in vertical, Michael tumbled into the boat.

"Quick, Chang!" he cried. "It's a close call."

Chang pulled off with rapid strokes. Michael had seen that the moment was a critical one on shore. Ah Sung was within a few yards of the bank; the two Chinese, spurring, were closing upon him; the rest of the pursuers were still a hundred yards in the rear. It was a question whether the terrible Chinese knives would find Ah Sung's back before he could fling himself into safety.

Four vigorous strokes drove the dinghy against the bank just as Ah Sung reached it. Michael's outstretched arms caught him as he staggered forward, and laid him, utterly spent, in the bottom of the boat. Michael was then about to spring ashore, but a shout from Bunce held him fast, and he remained clutching the rowlocks, witness of a scene that lasted only a few seconds but was full of excitement.

The two pursuing Chinese on the heels of Ah Sung had been carried forward a pace or two by their own impetus. The first dropped under a blow from Bunce's fist that might have felled an ox; the second, as he lurched against his companion, Bunce grabbed by an arm and a leg and heaved into the creek, with a splash that set the dinghy rocking and drenched Ah Sung on its floor. Looking very well pleased with himself, Bunce stepped quietly into the boat, Michael pushed off, and Chang rowed quickly toward the launch.

By the time the main crowd of the pursuers, a motley gang of Chinese, had gained the bank the dinghy lay alongside the Bantam. Chang held the boat steady while Bunce and Michael lifted Ah Sung on board; then he made it fast by the painter, and clambered up to help Bunce to heave the anchor. Meanwhile Michael had run to the engine; he threw it into gear the moment the anchor clattered on the deck, and the Bantam slipped easily down the creek, followed by a babel of yells from the infuriated crowd on the bank.

"Did you see Mirski?" asked Chang, when the launch had run a few yards.

"No. Is he there?" replied Michael. "He came up at the tail of the crowd. Look! You can see him now. He is giving his gang what you call a piece of his mind."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Letter-Writer

ONE of the ways in which we learn how men lived long ago is by reading letters they wrote to their friends. Many such letters have been preserved, and through them we can learn the kind of spirit that was in the writers and the kind of subjects that interested them. Paul, the Christian Apostle, is the best-known letter-writer of about eighteen centuries ago; but there were others in about the same period, not Christians, who were very active and have remained famous letter-writers.

One of them was a Roman Governor in the northern part of Asia Minor, then called Bithynia. He had long been a great letter-writer, and one of his correspondents was the reigning Emperor Trajan. In Bithynia, about 80 years after the crucifixion of Jesus, this Governor found great numbers of faithful Christians who would not acknowledge the Emperor Trajan as divine, and he wrote to ask Trajan what he must do about it. Both the Governor and Trajan thought the Christians very obstinate people, but the Governor was uneasy about persecuting them, and Trajan advised him not to be too harsh. We have all the correspondence still.

That Governor left behind him ten volumes of letters to his friends, from which we can learn a great deal about how a Roman gentleman lived more than 1800 years ago. He was born 61 A.D. in the town of Como, and was brought up by a very clever uncle with the same name as himself. The uncle wrote a book on Natural History, which is still interesting though it is full of mistakes. It shows us how much knowledge people then had of animal life, and how full they were of untrue fancies.

The naturalist uncle was killed in 79 A.D. by the great eruption of the volcano Vesuvius which destroyed Pompeii, and his nephew, who saw the terrible sight and escaped, described the scene in one of his letters.

Before he was the governor of a province for Trajan this famous letter-writer was a clever lawyer in Rome, and people flocked to hear his speeches. He was a lover of books, and studied the art of writing in the clearest style. He was wealthy and had a country estate; and wherever he went he was busy writing to his friends about what he was seeing and doing, so his letters are to us like photographs of the life around him.



Though we have his letters we, strangely, do not know where or how he died. He has told us much about others, but no one has told us about his end. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

May 14, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

11



A Thousand Doors Now Lead to Paradise



THE BRAN TUB

What Flower Am I?

MY first is in winter but not in spring,
My second's in talking and also in sing,
My third is in village but not in town,
My fourth is in upward and also in down,
My fifth is in trotting but not in run,
My sixth is in laughter and also in fun,
My seventh's in cable but not in wire,
My eighth is in burning and also in fire,
My ninth is in spinning but not in loom,
My whole is a flower now in full bloom.

Answer next week

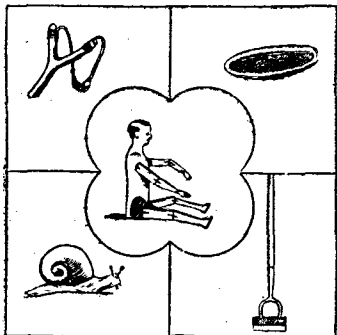
C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Beaver

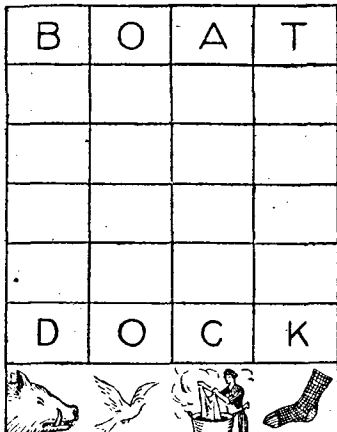
Beavers are noted for their marvellous engineering skill in building dams in streams to increase the depth of water round their lodges. They feed chiefly on the bark of trees, and in the winter, when they spend most of the time asleep, they live on food accumulated during the summer. They fell quite big trees by gnawing through the trunks with their powerful jaws. Beavers became extinct in England about the 9th century, and now there are only a few left in Europe. They are still common in North America, but their fur is so valuable that they seem doomed to be hunted to extinction.

A Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of the objects shown here, and then by taking one letter from each word make the names of (1) a thing used at almost every meal, (2) a thing beside which Number 1 is usually placed, (3) something on which Number 1 and Number 2 are usually placed. Answer next week

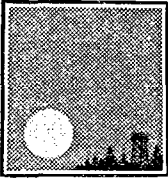
Changeling



Change the word Boat into Dock with only four intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you. Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

YOUNG broods of starlings and chaffinches are fledged. Young greenfinches are hatched. The yellow-hammer, goldfinch, lesser whitethroat, tree pipit, whinchat, blackcap, and sedge warbler lay their eggs. The spotted flycatcher is first seen. The wall butterfly, golden dragonfly, cockchafer, and mayfly appear. Columbine, milkwort, Solomon's seal, tormentil, holly, tway-blade, buckbean, silverweed, ragged robin, and white campion are flowering.



Looking South 10.30 p.m., May 17

A Secret Code

HERE is a simple yet very clever figure code. The top line is numbered 1 to 5, a cross being put in the sixth square, which is not used. Then downward from this cross the numbers 1 to 5 are repeated. The letters of the alphabet are placed in the remaining squares in their proper order, i and j being placed in one square.

1	2	3	4	5	x
a	b	c	d	e	1
f	g	h	i	j	2
l	m	n	o	p	3
q	r	s	t	u	4
v	w	x	y	z	5

In using this secret code each word is indicated by the number at the top and end of the line in which it is placed. Thus MEET ME would be 23 51 51 44 23 51.

It will be interesting to use this code in sending quite long messages.

Is Your Name Tremble?

IF it is you need not be ashamed, for it is not a name for cowardice. Tremble was once Trumble, and Trumble was Trumbull, and Trumbull was Turnbull. The first Turnbull was probably famous either for having seized a real bull by the horns and diverted its charge, or for having turned back some fierce Border forayer likened to a bull.

An Enigma

WHAT is that which no man ever yet did see;
Which never was, yet always is to be?

Answer next week

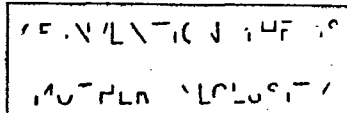
Ici on Parle Français



La bannière Le panier Le coiffeur
Ils partent bannières déployées.
Je préfère porter un panier vide.
Le coiffeur est occupé aujourd'hui.

The Broken Proverb

HERE are two lines of broken type. When the missing portions of the letters have been filled in they will



make a proverb. The letters of each word are in correct order, but the words are jumbled. Answer next week

Magic Figures

0 x 9 + 1 = 1
1 x 9 + 2 = 11
12 x 9 + 3 = 111
123 x 9 + 4 = 1111
1234 x 9 + 5 = 11111
12345 x 9 + 6 = 111111
123456 x 9 + 7 = 1111111
1234567 x 9 + 8 = 11111111
12345678 x 9 + 9 = 111111111
123456789 x 9 + 10 = 1111111111

Jacko on the Spend

JACKO never had much money to spare. One day he found himself so low in funds that he didn't even turn up his nose at the penny which Adolphus threw him for cleaning his muddy old bicycle.

Of course he at once went out to spend it. But a penny wouldn't go far at the sweetshop. And Jacko really wanted to keep it in his pocket as long as he could, so as to have the pleasure of thinking out the different things he might buy with it.

"I'll get weighed!" he said gleefully, and started off for the weighing-machine. But when he got there he decided to buy a bun instead, and off he went to the baker's. Altogether he had quite a busy afternoon, but at last he really *did* spend that penny.

The local bus came rumbling through the market-place, and when Jacko saw that there was nobody outside he was up the little stairs in a twinkling. He got the front seat, too, and settled down for a glorious pennyworth.

The bus started off again, and soon the conductor came clanking up the stairs calling out: "All fares, please!"

Jacko proudly said: "A penny one, please," and put his hand in his pocket. To his horror the penny wasn't there!

The conductor looked at him suspiciously.

"Come on, now," he said, "I want your fare!"

Poor Jacko fumbled in his pocket again. Then he looked on the floor, thinking he might have dropped it there.

But the conductor wasn't at all patient.

"Off you get!" he said. "No one rides on this bus who can't pay." And he rang the bell furiously for the bus to stop.

Jacko was wild at the idea of losing his ride.

"I tell you I've got the fare," he said, making another



Jacko watched it all with a broad grin

desperate search for it. When the conductor seized him by the arm and tried to run him down the stairs he refused to go. As there were no other passengers outside the conductor couldn't get anybody to help him.

"Very well, I'll fetch a policeman!" he cried angrily. "There's one riding inside." And he rushed down the stairs.

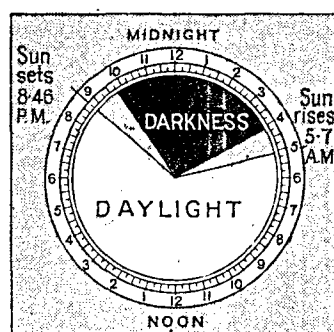
But when he came up again with the policeman at his heels they couldn't find Jacko anywhere. Everybody got out and helped in the search, but the young rascal was nowhere to be seen.

The policeman looked at the conductor suspiciously, and told him he had been dreaming. The conductor looked furious and very nearly went for the policeman. But at last everybody got into the bus again and off it went.

Jacko watched it all with a broad grin. He had an exceptionally good view, in fact, for as they passed a great tree he had caught hold of an overhanging branch and swung himself up into it!

And, though he missed the rest of his ride, he had to admit that he had had a very good pennyworth.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

A Charade

MY first is seen in every line,
And may be found, of course,
in mine;
My second, howsoever near,
You cannot see, but often hear;
While by my whole the man of trade
Has information oft conveyed.

Answer next week

Proverbs About Courage

COURAGE ought to have eyes as well as arms.
Fortune favours the brave.
Some have been thought brave because they were afraid to run away.
A gallant man needs no drum to rouse him.
A man of courage never wants weapons.
A valiant man's look is more than a coward's sword.

D! MERRYMAN

It All Depends

LADY of the House: This job is taking a long time. Can you give me any idea when you are likely to have finished it?

The Village Plumber: Yes, mum, certainly—if you can tell me where I am likely to get another!

At Margate

JUST look at that steamer coming in! How high out of the water it is!

Oh, don't you know? That's because the tide's so low!

Come-Alive Characters



A Self-Shaker

THE Medicine Bottle skipped and jumped
Because, before being taken,
His contents had, as well he knew,
To be what's called Well Shaken.

Simple

LITTLE BROTHER: What is an autocrat, Jack?

Less Little Brother: Man who drives an autocar, of course, silly!

Getting There

SAID a forty-foot-long Anaconda:
"Stretch of body's of use when you wanda.

Though your tail may be here,
It is perfectly clear
That your head has arrived over yonda!"

Where Dukes are Not Three-a-Penny

A DUKE on tour in America found the price of his chop in a West Country restaurant a great deal too high. "How is this? Are sheep scarce here?" he asked.

"No; but dukes are," was the answer.

Capital and Interest

SHE had just accepted him, and he was explaining his means.

"My capital is a hundred thousand pounds and my income forty thousand," he said.

"Then we will spend the capital first and keep the income for a rainy day," said she.

WHY is the letter A like 9 inches?
Because it is the fourth part of a yard.

How Majolica Got Its Name

MAJOLICA is enamelled pottery which originated in the island of Majorca (formerly spelled Majolica) in the Mediterranean. The name is now applied to a modern ware made in imitation of the real Majolica.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

Three Parts of a Word

(C) Sea, (A) Hay, (T) Tea.

Cat.

What Am I?

An hour-glass.

Beheaded Words.

Strain, train, rain



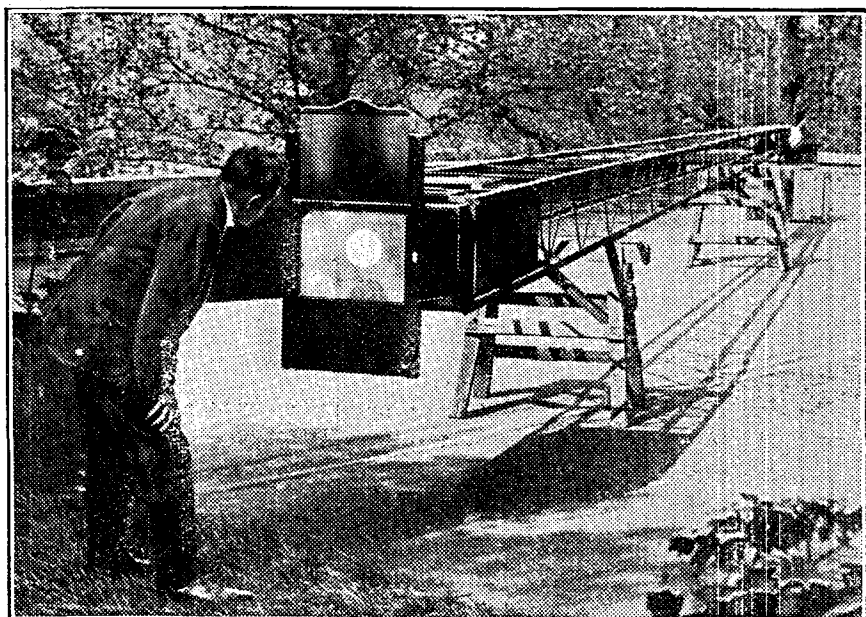
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 14, 1927
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

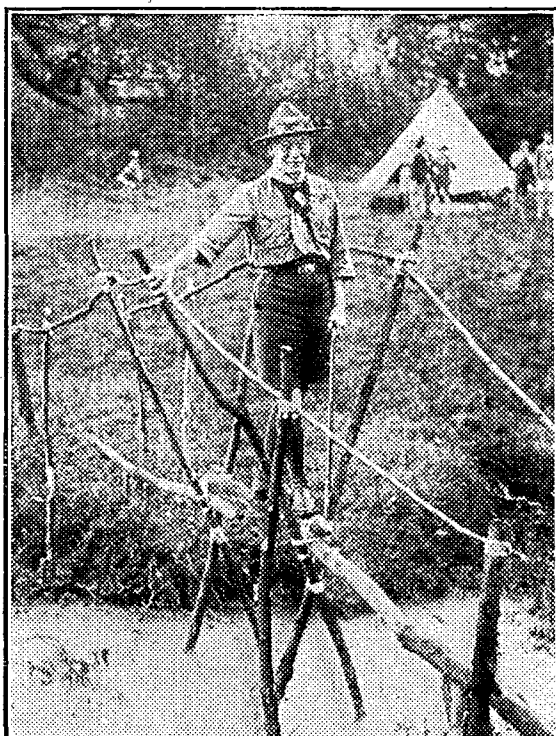
GIANT CAMERA FOR ECLIPSE • B.-P. ON THE BRIDGE • A FIXED PROPELLER



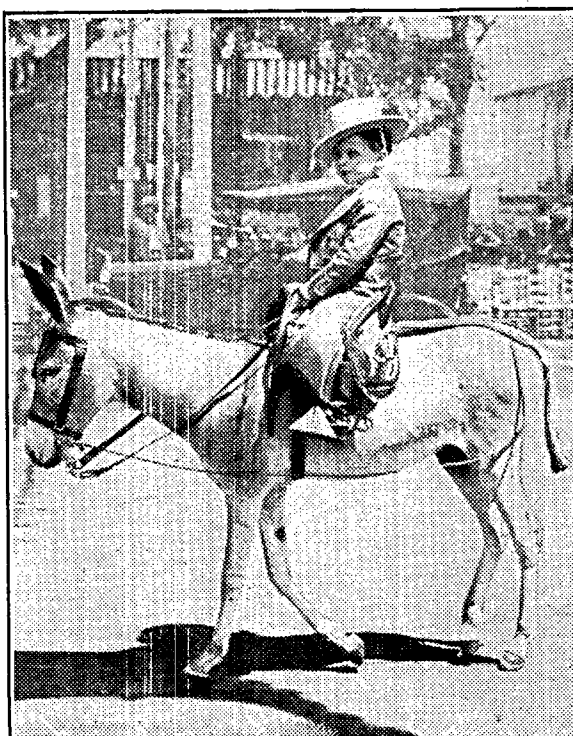
Giant Camera for the Eclipse—The Royal Observatory, Greenwich, is now making careful preparations for the eclipse of the Sun next month. This picture shows one of the staff experimenting with the 45-foot camera which will be taken to Yorkshire for the eclipse



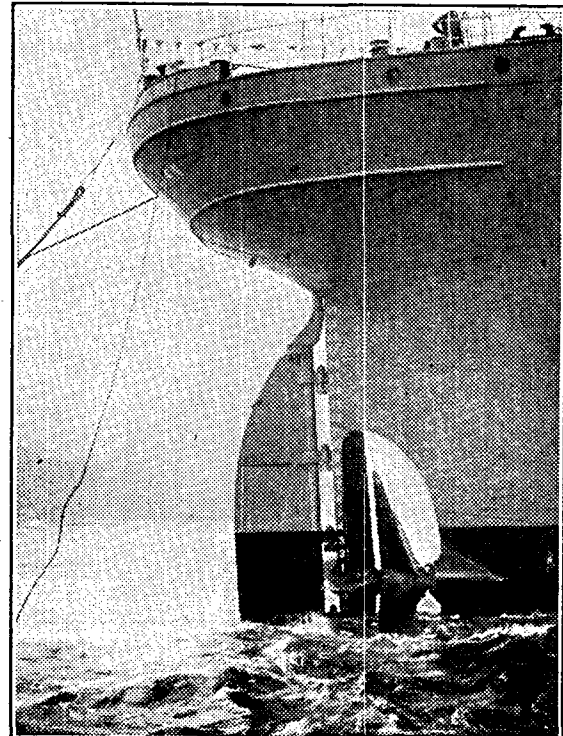
Cornwall's Harvest of Flowers—There has been a splendid harvest of spring flowers in Cornwall this year, and countless thousands of blossoms have been sent to the markets in towns and cities. Here we see three happy girls at work in a narcissus field near Penzance



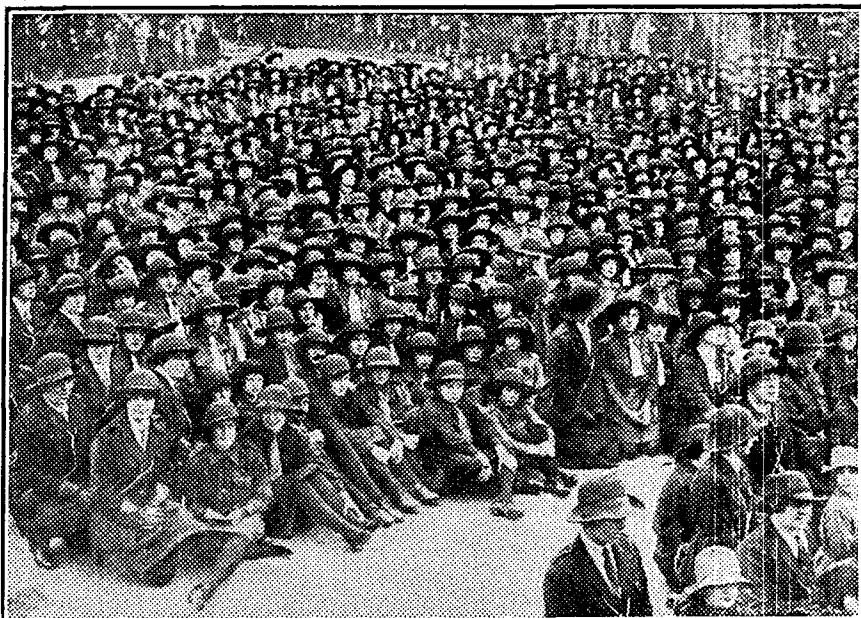
B.-P. Home Again—The Chief Scout, who is back from South Africa, is here seen crossing a bridge at a New Barnet camp, where public school masters are learning scoutcraft



A Proud Little Man of Seville—One of the annual festivals of Seville is a cattle fair, when the people enjoy a holiday. This little boy is riding to the fair in picturesque costume



A Fixed Propeller—The Anglo-Australian, recently built at Sunderland, has a fixed propeller which is said to increase the vessel's speed. It is attached to the rudder post



A Welcome for Princess Mary—When Princess Mary visited Bristol to open a club for poor boys she also inspected the Girl Guides, some of whom are here seen waiting to welcome her



An Old Sailor's Story in Dutch—In many parts of Holland the old costumes are still unchanged, as we see by this picture of some boys listening to a story by an old fisherman

THE ENDLESS RUIN OF WAR—SEE THE NEW C.N. MONTHLY

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